

# COUNTRY LIFE

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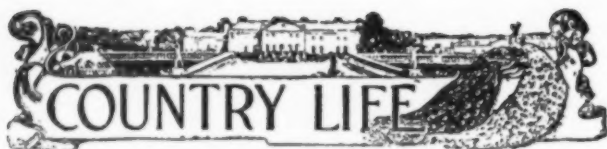
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ALEXANDER CORBETT.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught ..	247, 248
The Organisation of Hospital Work. (Leader) ..	248
Country Notes ..	249
The Silence, by Robert Cochrane ..	249
In the Name of the King, by Elizabeth Kirk ..	250
Angling in a Little Stream, by Ward Muir. (Illustrated) ..	251
Literature ..	253
Louis XI. and Charles the Bold (Colonel Andrew Haggard).	
Gravelotte, by Lucy Masterman. (Illustrated) ..	254
The Use of Dogs in War Time, by A. Croxson Smith. (Illustrated) ..	256
A Regimental Game Book. (Illustrated) ..	258
Wild Country Life: Spiders, by Geoffrey Meade-Waldo. (Illustrated) ..	260
English Home: Devonshire House, by Arthur T. Bolton. (Illustrated) ..	262
The Revival, by Dudley Clark ..	267
Sea-lion and Salmon, by Warburton Pike. (Illustrated) ..	268
Agricultural Notes ..	271
Soldier Sportsmen. (Illustrated) ..	272
The North Sea ..	274
Hunters in the Harvest Field. (Illustrated by Lionel Edwards) ..	274
In the Garden: Saving the Apple Crop, by Christopher Holdenby, etc. ..	275
On the Green, by Horace Hutchinson and Bernard Darwin. (Illustrated) ..	276
Correspondence ..	277
Colonel Willoughby Verner's Notes on the Prehistoric Cave Drawings of Spain (E. Festus Kelly and Colonel Willoughby Verner); Lightning Conductors on Private Houses; Gulls and Fish Fry (Sir Richard Barter); No Pudding, No Meat (Thomas Ratcliffe); Condition in Remounts; The Spiral Structure of Trees (Maurice G. Pearson); Volunteer Harvesters; A Record Crop of Oats (H. Walker).	
Polo Players of the Season ..	3*
Short Notes on Novels ..	3*
From the Farmer's Standpoint, by Eldred Walker ..	4*
Suggestions for Turning a Private House Into a Temporary Hospital, by Clara M. Lawson ..	6*
Shooting Notes: The Mogy ..	8*
The Automobile World: The Voltage of Car-lighting Dynamos. (Illustrated) ..	10*
Modes and Moods. (Illustrated) ..	12*
For Town and Country ..	14*

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## THE ORGANISATION OF HOSPITAL WORK.

LORD ROTHSCILD'S appeal for the combination of a system of the efforts being made to care for the wounded into a single, well defined scheme deserves support on every ground. The conditions are well understood. In this great national emergency the country has risen as one man. Among the young and able there has been an unprecedented rush to the front. No slackness among those who were called on, no lack of enthusiasm among recruits, has occurred to produce anxiety. Those who from advancing age or equally valid causes have been obliged to remain, so far, non-combatant, nevertheless feel that they ought to do something. In many cases their desire to help has shown itself in generous contributions to the funds for tending the wounded. Some have assisted with money, others with the offer of houses to be turned into hospitals. Everywhere has been shown an intense eagerness to be of assistance to our soldiers and sailors. That Lord Rothschild, as chairman of the Council

of the Red Cross Society, has observed with satisfaction. Yet he offers a grave warning: "Kindheartedness and anxiety to help are of little avail unless they are organised and applied—not as sentiment dictates, but as the actual need demands." In other words, if an adequate return is to be obtained for the wealth and trouble offered so ungrudgingly, hospital work in war time must be planned with as much care as any part of the campaign. Overlapping is chiefly to be avoided. It crippled the best efforts during the South African War, and threatens to produce an equal confusion now. To quote Lord Rothschild's trenchant language: "We are threatened with the same confusion that so crippled Red Cross effort in the South African War, with the same evils of overlapping, of unco-ordinated and disunited work. Private houses are being turned into hospitals and convalescent homes, without reference to any organising body and without regard to any rational scheme. Nurses are engaged who may never be required in the particular place allotted to them, while, worst of all, stores of surgical material are being hoarded up in scores of houses to such an extent that the market is seriously depleted. Ladies are starting independent base-hospitals of their own, and are appealing for funds for their maintenance."

This view is absolutely substantiated by Sir Frederick Treves, whose services as surgeon during the South African War will never be forgotten. He said to a representative of the *Daily Telegraph*: "Isolated action is worse than useless—it is mischievous. Centralisation is of the first importance. That was the one great lesson taught by my experience in the South African War." Sir Frederick shares the opinion of Lord Rothschild, that all individual efforts should be co-ordinated with and made part of the work of the Red Cross Society. This organisation has had unparalleled experience in the work of tending the wounded. Every department in it is under the supervision of an expert, and there can be no reasonable doubt but that the serious and even solemn work of tending the wounded would be far more efficiently discharged by this Society than by isolated efforts. To urge this is in no way to discourage or discountenance those who with splendid generosity have come forward with offers of mansions or other help. In a war whose dimensions exceed those of any other recorded in history it must be anticipated that among the belligerent armies, whether they are victorious or defeated, the number of casualties must be large, because of the extraordinary largeness of the host of combatants. Therefore, accommodation cannot be too lavishly provided, nor contributions sent on too generous a scale. But it is essential that in this movement strict economy should be observed, if for no other reason, because strict economy and efficiency go together. There ought to be some regular plan of first taking advantage of the existing facilities for housing and tending the wounded.

There are in nearly every county already existing hospitals that in some cases have stood for years without having a patient, and in others have only had a spare case or two. We refer to those erected for smallpox patients, fever patients and isolation hospitals. These have the advantage over private houses that they are already equipped with beds, baths and the other necessary adjuncts to successful treatment. Many of the private houses so liberally offered might easily be made available for nursing homes as soon as the patients were sufficiently convalescent to be removed from the scene of their operation and first treatment, thus making way for any new batches to follow. But our intention at the present moment is not to go into detail. That may be safely left to an organisation which fully appreciates its importance and contains, among others, men like Lord Rothschild and Sir Frederick Treves. Our point is rather to urge the great advisability of welding all miscellaneous efforts into one general and far-reaching system that will be able, on a thoroughly sound base, to give the requisite attention to every soldier and sailor who is wounded in the coming operations.

## OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR portrait this week is of H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught, who has just given birth to a son.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when application is made direct from the offices of the paper. When unofficial requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would at once forward the correspondence to him.

## COUNTRY NOTES



IN the opening stages of the war the Press of Great Britain has exhibited a prudence, self-control and discretion for which the country cannot be too grateful. While no attempt has been made to hold back intelligence of events, great care has been exercised to avoid the publication of facts that might be of assistance to the enemy. Those unfamiliar with the interior of a modern newspaper can scarcely guess at the unceasing and vigilant care that this has necessitated. It behoves the public to act on similar lines. We all know how easily Rumour springs out of darkness winged and ready to spread and accentuate false information. Every reader is bound to have instances within his or her own knowledge. Thoughtlessly many people repeat mere rumour for fact, not recognising the evil they do. Patriotism demands a very different line of conduct. It demands, first of all, faith in a Government which has promised to hold back no news, either of victory or defeat. To do otherwise would indeed be to act contrary to all the best traditions. But that being so, the duty of the public is to refuse credence to any story that is repeated without due authority and to refuse to disseminate it. They would in that way earn the gratitude of those who have been distressed by some circumstantial account of disaster, only to find it in the end absolutely contradicted and added to the enormous heap of "unfounded rumours" which war brings forth.

In the Czar's message to Poland there is an extraordinary mixture of power, dignity and astuteness. Europe has not forgotten what it owes to that antique nation whose destiny used to be the deepest theme of poetry and speculative philosophy. A hundred and fifty years ago its heroes' names were familiar as household words in European—and especially in English ears, "and Freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell." The proclamation that its portions are to be reunited under the sceptre of the Czar is equally calculated to thrill those of Polish blood and exacerbate the feelings of Russia's allied enemies. To build up a new Poland which shall be the old it will be necessary to dismember the empires of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns. Before the Czar can fulfil his promise, Austria-Hungary and Prussia must be at his feet. For the offer is one addressed to the inhabitants of Galicia and Posen as well as to those of Poland. That is what has made of it such a master stroke. The Czar in this proclamation at one and the same time rallies his friends with a trumpet call and sows dissension in the house of his enemies.

A feature of the war in the Balkans last year was the discovery of the military capacity of small countries. One after another took the field not only well armed, but skilful in the handling of modern weapons and full of spirit and courage. The present war has shown the little countries of the West in an equally favourable light. Belgium has covered herself with glory at the very beginning of the struggle. The Dutchman is standing with his hand on the flood-gates, ready to adopt the ancient defence of his country if any attempt be made to violate his territory. Switzerland is armed to the teeth, and equally resolute to stand in the way of any aggressor. Denmark has long been spending money in building forts and acquiring other defences for her coast. For all this Germany has herself to thank. She has applied the doctrine of pan-Germanism to each and all of these little

countries, with the result that they know, if she were victorious, they would be wiped off the map of Europe. And this is a fate to which they have no intention of submitting.

The most momentous news published this week is the official information that the British Expeditionary Force has been safely landed in France. Of course, no particulars are given, and no information that would be of use to the enemy, but the feat of getting the soldiers over so promptly and safely will ever be regarded in military annals as most remarkable. Without conflict and without casualty our troops have been safely transported from Britain to France. The mere statement is the most eloquent testimony that could be given to the capacity and thoroughness with which the operations of the British Fleet are being directed. If, instead of being cooped up in Kiel Harbour, the German cruisers had been on the high seas, it would have been a most perilous enterprise to send boats laden with British soldiers across the Channel. The event marks the end of what has practically been a century of peace. No English Army has been engaged in warfare in middle Europe during the whole of that time, and there is no other century in English history of which the same thing can be said.

### THE SILENCE.

No word of those gone swiftly from our midst  
In silence each to his appointed place,  
No word of those who keep their sleepless watch  
Somewhere upon the secret-holding seas,  
Rumour, Conjecture, Theory, these are here;  
But unto us, whose wont it is to know  
The whole complete before the half is done,  
Uncertainty is harder to endure  
Than sure and certain knowledge of the worst,  
Yet England asks it of our patience now.

And so we wait with prayer upon our lips,  
As men who wait the coming of a storm  
In grim and dreadful stillness moving near,  
And know not how nor when the storm shall break.  
But we are proud; proud of our ignorance;  
Proud of the men who know, but do not say;  
Proud of the men who deemed us staunch enough  
To bear this added load, and prouder still  
To feel that, bearing it, unquestioning,  
If this shall be the only way to help  
Our Country in her need, save by our prayers,  
We shall not fail to bear it all the way.

ROBERT COCHRANE.

Last week brought with it some splendid harvesting weather, and at the week-end the ingathering proceeded apace. In the southern counties the oats are nearly all led, and so is a great portion of the wheat. The reapers are now busy on the barley. As far as this portion of England is concerned, no great shortage of labour has yet been reported. The labourers who have been called up have had their places filled by others who have been thrown out by the disorganisation of business. In the North of England the harvest will be earlier than usual; that is to say, cutting will be done before the end of August, and if good weather should follow, it will be completed in three or four weeks. The difficulty of finding labour there has to a large extent been solved by the action of the miners. Naturally, the demand for coal has been curtailed by the closing of the foreign trade. In these circumstances the Northumbrian miners have, with fine patriotism, resolved to lend a hand to the farmers. As a very great number of the men in the pits either were originally farm servants themselves or belonged to families engaged in husbandry, they will make capital harvesters, and to such as have not the knowledge or skill, the Armstrong College has come forward with promises of instruction. This action on the part of the miners will help greatly to relieve the situation in the North.

The productivity of laying hens, concerning which some remarks are made by a contributor in another part of the paper, is being determined by the twelve months' competition which is being carried out at the Harper Adams Agricultural College, Newport. It has now gone on for ten months, and is due to terminate on October 24th. The leading chickens are the White Wyandottes. Each pen consists of six birds, and these six Wyandottes have laid 1,104 eggs in ten months, that is to say, an average of 184



each. If they were going on at this rate they would each lay over 200 eggs per annum. Of course, this would be a very high ideal for the poultry keeper to aim at, but there is very little difference between the various competing pens, and the figures at least show that the supply of fresh eggs might be very largely increased. The way in which the birds are treated is simplicity itself and could be copied by anyone. The houses are of the open fronted type, 10ft. long, 6ft. wide, 5½ft. high in front and 4ft. at the back. The front is boarded up from the ground level to the extent of 2ft., with the usual arrangement of wire netting fitted with glass slides and shutters for bad weather. The roofs are covered with felt, and any handy man could make one of these houses for himself.

There is the right ring about that announcement issued by the Marylebone Cricket Club that "Owing to the war, and inasmuch as every sound man in England will be engaged in some service for his country in her hour of need, no cricket will be played at Lord's in September next." The cricket clubs have been adhering to their fixture lists as long as possible, realising that the abandonment of matches would mean a curtailing of the salaries of the professional players, ground men and others at the very moment when their circumstances were most straitened, and a like spirit of good sense and equity prevails with the Jockey Club in respect to racing fixtures and with the authorities of the Rugby Union regarding football matches. They realise that "every sound man will be engaged in some service for his country," but at the same time those whose service cannot be active are best able to be of use by doing what they can to maintain the normal conditions of life and to diminish, as far as possible, the numbers that the war will throw out of employment.

A capital and most encouraging sign is that the trade in this country, which according to Continental theory ought to have been brought to a standstill, is energetically reviving after the first shock of the war declarations. The Atlantic is open, and arrangements are in progress for transporting 8,000,000 quarters of wheat from Canada. Food supplies, with the exception of eggs, are abundant. At Swansea it is expected that the exportation of coal to France will be started immediately, and the departure of a vessel for Palma shows that the danger to shipping in the Mediterranean has now been greatly reduced. The tin-plate mills in South Wales, which give employment to 29,000 men, after being partly stopped and partly put on short time, are restarting, and the outlook for this industry is said to be better in South Wales than it has been for some time past. Germany was the chief competitor with South Wales in the export trade of tin plates, and the closing of her ports is throwing the trade into Welsh hands. Steel bars, pig iron and the galvanised sheet trades are expected to become very busy shortly. It would seem, therefore, that the war is going to have less strangling effect on British trade than was generally expected.

This year the hop-pickers will probably attach more than usual importance to their annual excursion to the country, and it is good to know they are much wanted. The hop crop in Kent and the neighbouring districts, according to the reporters of the Board of Agriculture, is well above the average, so that there will be more than the usual employment. It has been arranged that growers will inform the pickers, either by post or through their agents, when the work begins, and it is expected that, in spite of the railways being taken over by the Government, the usual arrangements will be made for the conveyance of pickers. This is good news, inasmuch as the hop-pickers belong to a class who might very easily find themselves out of employment under the present conditions. Moreover, the growers, but for them, might find it difficult to get hands for their harvest.

The shooting season, which opened on August 12th, promised to be one of the best, all round, that has been known, but it has opened under such calamitous conditions that comparatively little shooting of any kind will be attempted. Tenants, we are informed, are trying to sublet moors, and trying in vain, at a reduction of 50 per cent. on the original rent. Doubtless it is impossible to take a keen interest in any sport or pastime while all the nation's energies are concentrated on such grim realities. Nevertheless it is certain that the way in which many, who have not the youth or strength for active service, can best help their country at the moment is by following their normal pursuits and by employing normal labour. Moreover, it may be pointed

out that the game constitutes a very valuable addition to the total food supply. Some of our recent enquiries into the state of the deer forests have confirmed all previously formed opinion that deer, especially hinds, are far too numerous for the best welfare of the stock in the Highlands. Lord Knutsford has made petition for stags to be sent to the hospitals, in which he takes so great an interest, and there is no reason why such gifts should not be supplemented by the venison of many of the quite superfluous hinds which eat the scanty pastures of the forests.

In the newly issued volume of Agricultural Statistics for 1913 there is much of topical interest and importance. Mr. Rew, in the first place, discusses the practical disappearance of the trade in live animals and the substitution of dead meat. Last year we imported more meat than in any previous year, but an increasing proportion of it came from the Colonies. The largest single source of supply was Argentina; then follow, in their proper order, Australia, the United States, Denmark and New Zealand. Of these countries Denmark is the only one from which we would find it difficult to obtain supplies at the present moment. The significant remark is made that "Chile and Russia, though as yet comparatively unimportant contributors, show some sign of increasing their supplies." Another interesting change going on is that, although the importation has grown, it has not done so in proportion to the growth of population, and we tend to consume more home and less foreign meat. This proves what has often been argued in these pages, that as the price of meat rises we are thrown more and more on our own resources, and the business of the British grazier becomes more lucrative.

#### IN THE NAME OF THE KING.

Me and Joan, with Flighty the mare,  
Went jogging to Ipswich town to-day;  
A remount sergeant held us up  
Unyoking the nag straightway:  
And "Halt!" he cried, with a soldierly ring  
In his voice, "In the name of the King!"

She's five year old and fifteen hands,  
Sound as a bell nor ever a vice,  
They saw at once she was made for the job  
And I didn't need asking twice!  
For a Britisher don't stand arguing  
When the call's in the name of the King.

Of course, just *how* they use the mare  
Ain't nothing really to do with me,  
But I see her best in the front of the fight  
With the Suffolk soldiery;  
In the noise of rappel and trumpeting  
To charge—in the name of the King.

They commandeered my chestnut mare  
In Ipswich thorofare to-day:  
A snort of consent—a farewell pat—  
They unbuckled her right away.  
Here's the proof—on paper—a trifling thing?  
Yes, but done in the name of the King.

ELIZABETH KIRK.

Whatever effect may have been produced on other kinds of business by the war, it is evident that it is going to enhance rather than depreciate the value of landed property. In times such as these the food producer becomes one of the most important personages in the realm; he has in hand an abnormally fine harvest and the prospect of obtaining for it prices to which he has not been accustomed for many a long year. The proof lies in the fact that while other businesses have received a shock, land is holding its own and more. Only a few days ago a sale in Aberdeenshire realised the extraordinary total, in the circumstances, of £175,645. and, as far as we can learn from enquiry in the best informed quarters, no one anticipates that land in any part of these islands has the prospect of doing anything but go up in value. This is, of course, repetition of history. During the long Continental wars of the eighteenth century, whatever else went down, land retained its high value. We refer to the days when the farmer ploughed up the wold and drained the fen in order to claim his share in the high prices then going for wheat. It was the one era in which fortunes were made out of it.



## ANGLING IN A LITTLE STREAM.

YESTERDAY, when I went down to the stream's side with my rod (for one must escape sometimes from this fever of newspaper reading), I caught a fish with my first cast—and I knew that this was a bad omen. I have no belief in omens, of course. Nobody is so silly nowadays. And yet—! I have always noticed that even to get a rise at the first cast is fatal. But in every day's fishing there must be a first cast. What, then, is to be done? To throw the flies with the deliberate intention of frightening every trout in the pool would be mean. Besides, I secretly want to catch a fish at *every* cast, even at the first. In my greedy inmost soul I am triumphant when, having wetted my line, crept up-stream to the starting-point, and thrown delicately to the tail of the pool, I whip out a fat, jerking little yellow chap straight away. I say to myself as I slither him into my bag, "That's a good start. They're rising to-day." Optimism does its best to take possession of me, and common-sense assists. Nevertheless, I am anxious; for I foresee that this fish is the only fish which I shall circumvent, at any rate, before lunch. After

lunch I reckon that I begin afresh, and the rise may genuinely occur.

This was what happened yesterday. From the second cast to the millionth (I have never counted them, but when you are catching nothing, and not raising anything, it feels as though that mechanical yet ever varying to and fro of the right arm ran into millions in a single forenoon) I saw not a fin. After my sandwiches and a smoke I again had a dull hour of flogging ("flogging," by the by, is quite the wrong word, but it seems to have become stereotyped and inevitable). And then, as the afternoon lost its laziness and the sun became golden and the shadows lengthened, behold, I took troutlet after troutlet. They all rose to the same fly, our old friend the March Brown. Three flies had I on my cast; the other two might have been mere ornaments; the March Brown alone achieved slaughter. Why should this be? It is the eternal mystery of trout fishing; the universal rush of every fish in the stream for one particular fly, ignoring the others. I decline to allow that this preference is indisputably traceable to the fact that a given fly is



Ward Muir.

CASTING UNDER OPPOSITE BANK.

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in close resemblance to one actually on the water at that moment. The phenomenon manifests itself when, as far as I can detect, there are scores of different flies on the water—or no flies at all on the water. Further, the trout which all went for the March Brown to-day will all go for our equally old friend the Coachman to-morrow and the Zulu the day after, or on a sudden will elect to pay their attentions to all three flies simultaneously, almost without preference. He who initiated me into burn-fishing a quarter of a century ago or more used to remark that there were really only four flies necessary for a sensible man's outfit. They were the above-mentioned trio and the Blue Dun. Still, the parchment pockets and flannel pages of this fisherman's ancient fly-book were crammed with hosts of other flies, and he incessantly spent his evenings tying new ones and concocting crafty imitations of the natural insect caught at the riverside and brought home in a pill-box. When out fishing he continually changed his flies. His was the spirit of an experimenter. He hoped to discover a lure still more reliable than the quartette which he professed to consider sufficient for every season on every stream of Scotland and the North of England. He died without having made that discovery.

When I wrote that I whipped out the little yellow chaps from the stream, I divulged, to the initiate, the humble

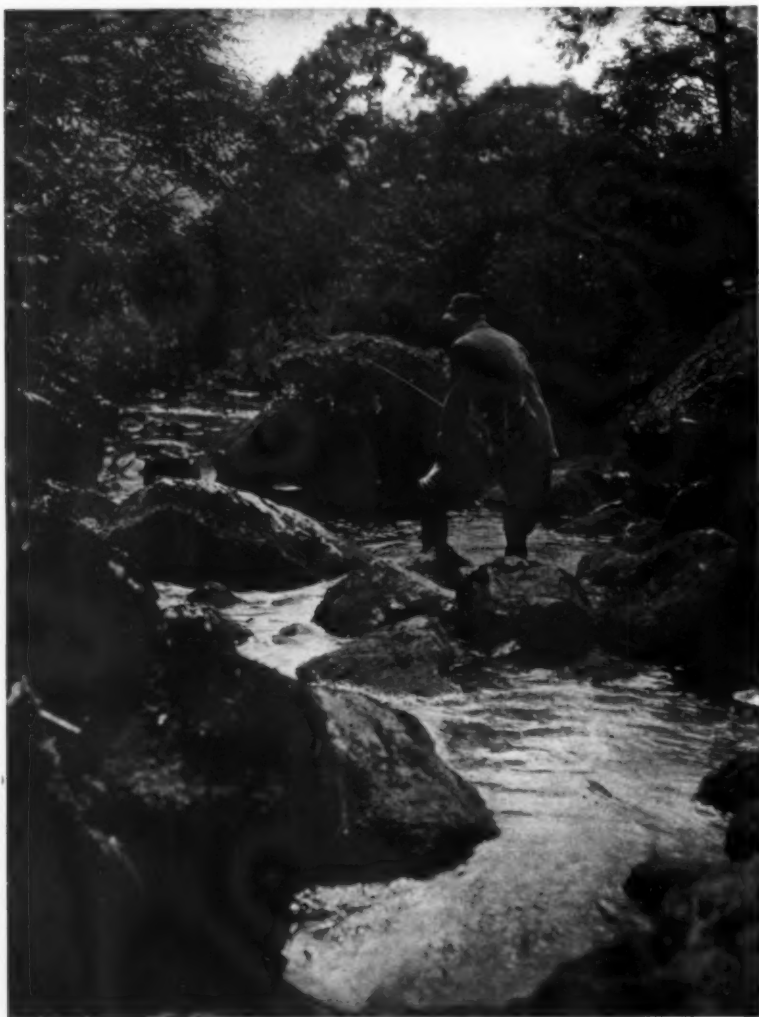


G. E. H. Rawlins.

## A STRAINED SITUATION.

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nature of my fishing. Gone is the era when I could travel far to those fortunate spots where wet-fly fishing is so serious that it involves the use of waders and a landing-net. Now I am content to patronise a tiny North Country beck—they call it "the river," but that is only to distinguish it from its tributaries—where four trout to the pound creates a sensation, and six to the pound is good enough. I refuse to burden myself with a net for this kind of thing. A net would be a solemnity as well as a bother. True, I once encountered an angler here armed with a net. He had also donned waders. But I have reason to harbour two suspicions concerning him: first, that he had not visited that particular beck before, and secondly, that his catch was the reverse of remarkable. I never met him again, and, with the preposterous selfishness of fishermen, I never want to. It is pleasant to trudge down the hill to the beck and realise that throughout the whole long day you will have every yard of it to yourself. And that is always the case when I go fishing. The local farmers fish, I admit, and I understand that the market town, ten miles off, sends occasional fishers. However, these folk are devotees of the worm, not of the fly, and apparently never attempt even worming except when there is a spate and the water is coloured. I, too, like to see the water coloured—a little; but this is the moment rather for the fly than for the worm. I confess I have descended to worming when the water is very low indeed and as clear as gin. (Why "gin"? Because you cannot describe water as "clear as water" without sounding ridiculous. These are the painful limitations of angling literature.) Is worming indeed such a descent? To worm fish in blazing sunny weather, with the water a-trickle and every trout in a state of nerves, is not so easy as it sounds. One must imitate the worm himself, and crawl circuitously on one's belly, to approach the river's edge without being seen. One must push one's fragile rod-top through hideously dangerous apertures in a screen of trees, to drop the bait into the shaded half of the runnel. One must cultivate the patience of Job when one sees, again and again, that some unwary movement has startled a whole pool full of trout, and it is a case of wearily clambering to another vantage point further up the beck, while winged multitudes pester one's perspiring forehead and make meals off one's wrists. And when a trout does take the hook, with what a diabolical twisting and turning the captive must be steered out on to the bank, smartly yet gingerly, lest he should be involved in vile entanglements in overhanging branches! (Yes; I sometimes have



Ward Muir.

## ROCKY POOLS AND CHANNELS.

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wished for a landing net, when worm-fishing in certain foliage-covered pools in the depths of a wood that I wot of; pools which, one may remark, cannot be reached with the fly at all, for there is no room whatever for real casting; but the use of a landing-net would here be not simply "swanky," but an evasion of just those difficulties which make this worm-fishing justifiable. An angler's conscience is a queer thing.)

I never seem to have the good fortune nowadays to be stopping in the North Country when the river is full. This is not to say that I never experience rain. Many a wet day have I fished through till my boots squelched and oozed at every step and my clothes grew heavy with sodden moisture and cascades ran from my hat brim down my neck. Strange that from such experiences one never catches cold! I dare not risk a soaking like that in town. I should wait hours in shelter for a taxicab rather than emerge in such a downpour. But in this Northern

valley I walk forth, usually without that doubtful blessing, a mackintosh, in every variety of weather. The wetter it is (unless it is also chilly) the livelier is the sport, and, therefore, the better I like it. On the upper reaches of the stream,

where there are few trees, I have had memorable times in the rain, and have positively represented the reappearance of the sun. There are some rather flat stretches which can scarcely be fished with profit except when their surface is beaten and made misty with hissing raindrops. In such places, if the trout are rising at all, they are rising madly. You may



Ward Muir.

A KEEN HAND.

Copyright.

spend an hour on twenty yards of water and take a breakfast dish of the delicate-flavoured fellows from a single pool. For the beck is well stocked; perhaps too well stocked for size. It is "hotching with them," as we say in Scotland. Not very high-class fishing, perhaps! But oh, the quiet joy of it after London's incessant turmoil of "special war editions"!

WARD MUIR.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

NO doubt there are many who, like the present writer, have tried to relieve the suspense of waiting for decided war news by reading about that district round Liège, Namur, Tongres and Dinant. The imagination of Englishmen has often dwelt upon the stirring episodes which have occurred there. Till this grave trouble arose, one had almost forgotten what a large place was occupied in our literature by the Low Countries. For this generation is not as familiar as was its predecessor with the hobby "of My Uncle Toby" or the perplexities and confusions he discovered in trying to describe the "ravelins, bastions, curtains and hornworks" constructed at the siege of Namur. Most have ceased to enjoy the rare old soldier's discussion of these terms. Sterne was obliged by the exigencies of his tale to deal with the siege of King William's day. For the time of "Quentin Durward" Sir Walter Scott went further back, even to the fifteenth century, selecting with unerring judgment the day of rivalry between Louis XI. and Charles the Bold as the most suitable for his "fair-haired, blue-eyed, long-legged, stout-hearted hero," who, when his native Glenhoulakin was ravaged, sought and found an opening as a Scottish archer in the King of France's regiment of that name. There was no *entente cordiale* in the days of Sir Walter. On the contrary, the fame of his novels was established, and the money for them began tumbling in, to use his own homely expression, while we were building defences and piling up towers against the descent of Napoleon. Yet the French gave a splendid welcome to "Quentin," although its reception at home was rather chilly.

It is easy to see why they liked it so much. Scott was no pedantic, historical student who deemed it necessary to adhere closely to dates and sequences. For him chronicles existed only as material out of which his wizardry might weave a charming tale. Yet the historian must agree with his judgment, cavalier as he may at his facts. No one could

desire a better opportunity of studying his method than is afforded by the comparison of Colonel Andrew Haggard's *Louis XI. and Charles the Bold* (Stanley Paul) with the novel. Both were, no doubt, attracted by the dramatic character of the principal figures, especially that of Louis XI. Here was one of the most singular personages that ever sat upon a throne. A man of little or no scruple, he, nevertheless, combined a strong religious feeling with a belief in sooth-saying and astrology. After the death of his brother he was heard by a jester confessing the deed at the High Altar of Our Lady of Clergy, whom he claimed as his special patroness. "But then, what could I do?" he concluded. "He was always causing disorder in my kingdom. Cause me, then, to be pardoned, my good Lady, and I know what a reward I will give thee." Yet in other respects he was a cold, crafty, bold King, who was continually running the most extraordinary risks to gain unimportant ends. Before Scott's day historical personages had no more individuality than the dull ancestral portraits that used to hang on the ancestral walls. What the visitor knew about the latter was: "This is the third Earl or Baron or Baronet who married a Fitz-something and brought in the Blank estate," or "This is Sir John who represented his county in the Long Parliament"; but beyond brief notes like this there was nothing to help to recover the ways and the heart and the craft of one who in his day and generation had cut a bustling and chief figure in the parish. So it was with kings and statesmen. History, at greater or shorter length, recited their names and epitomised their deeds, but it did not make them live. Scott's imagination literally forced him to take those masks of dead men with the legends attached, infuse them with life and try to re-create their peculiarities. In reality Louis XI. was almost the only man of his day who could penetrate and appraise the value or valuelessness of externals. When Henry IV., King of Castile, came across the Bidassoa to see Louis, he did so in gorgeous attire and attended by a picturesque body-guard of Moors, only to find Louis in a grey pilgrim's cloak.



wearing the well-known shabby old hat with the leaden images of saints, a man strong enough to despise externals. At a time, too, when the noble scarcely believed those of mean degree to be of the same flesh and blood as himself, Louis was no whit particular with whom he consorted. Scott was not very wide of the mark when he made Le Glorieux the jester describe the attendants of the King as a hangman, a cut-throat, a barber and a charlatan. In actual warfare he exhibited the same contempt for mere appearances. He did not lack courage, but was as ready to retreat as to fight if thereby he could put the enemy at a disadvantage. A

tense without that. The Duke, as overlord, had been going through a protracted series of disputes with the wealthy and contentious burghers of Liège, who, it was alleged, had been stirred into rebellion by mirions of the King, who was also accused of subsidising William de la Marck. Charles had reason to regret that he contented himself with exacting from Louis a treaty calculated to make him the laughing-stock of Europe, for the French King had the craft and force that made him a winner in the end, and Charles the Bold died ignominiously. After being three times defeated in six months, he fell victim to a trap laid by Campo



LIEGE IN OLD TIMES.

From a picture in the *Theatrum Civitatum Orbis*, 1576.

chief aim of his in warfare was to avoid big battles, and fight against the stomach as much as against the swords of his adversaries.

Charles the Bold was of altogether different character. On that momentous occasion when Louis, with a daring born of a calculating intellect, placed himself in the power of Charles the Bold at his grim fortress town of Péronne, he was with difficulty restrained from making the King a victim to his savage wrath. Scott, with a deliberate anachronism, makes that the occasion when the Bishop of Liège was atrociously murdered by William de la Marck, "the Wild Boar of the Ardennes," but the situation was sufficiently

Basso, a traitor captain of Neapolitan origin, who had received many benefits from Charles.

Our present interest is, however, less with these rivals than with Liège. Its history only comes incidentally into Colonel Haggard's book, but he gives enough of it to show why its people have developed those warlike qualities which Cæsar ascribed to the Belgian "Horum fortissimi Belgæ." Colonel Haggard's plain and orderly narrative will be read with great interest by those whose hearts are stirred by the manner in which the old flame of warlike patriotism has broken out anew in this strong and ancient people.

## GRAVELOTTE.

WE arrived in Metz in the middle of a hot day in October. Metz railway station is a colossal affair, with every kind of hotel luxury attached, testifying, together with some other massive public buildings, that if Germany was asking the Lost Provinces to sell their souls, she was at any rate willing to pay a handsome price for them. Metz is also a garrison town, and it seemed to be a rule of the German Army, at that time at any rate, that wherever two or three of it were gathered together there was a band. Altogether, a very fair example of the two aspects of Prussian policy. Everywhere bore witness to the double nationality of the population. Streets and shops were named in both languages. In the square by the church stood a monument to a French General with a long French inscription. In the restaurant

the waiter told us he was "Français par cœur et Allemand par raison." And everywhere the women wore their clothes and did their hair in a way which, if it was not completely French, was clearly not German. While we waited for our cab I watched the passers-by and noticed among them a salient figure. It was a young man dressed from head to foot in black satin, with a long crêpe "weeper" from his hat. I asked a friend who was with us who he was. He replied, that was the uniform of a gymnastic club called "Souvenir Français," whose members had sworn to wear mourning until the Lost Provinces should again be French. I own that at the time I thought the demonstration more fantastic than formidable, if only because a movement confined to young men who could afford black satin suits was hardly likely to be widespread. The German Government

evidently thought otherwise, for I read a few days ago that the President of the "Souvenir Français" had been arrested and shot.

We drove through Metz, out across smiling green meadows and over a shady canal. I remember noticing on the iron-work of the bridge the "cross-crosslet" of Lorraine, which I had last seen on a medal of Joan of Arc at Rouen, another evidence of the degree to which the memories of the district are bound up with French and not with German history. As the cab turned into a wooded valley and began to climb the long slope that culminates in the village of Saint-Privat one of the party read out from his guide-book an account of Gravelotte, the battle whose site we were to see. Once he was interrupted by the cab-driver to be shown a little group of graves standing in a vivid patch of water-meadow. "Französischer," said the driver, meaning they were the graves of French soldiers "sniped" as they retreated through the woods after the battle.

Gravelotte is famous, among other things, as a battle where the victors had more casualties than the vanquished.

The French took up their position on the top of a rolling down, their right resting on the village of Saint-Privat, their left above the village of Gravelotte. All day the battle swung to and fro over the low ridge, each ebb of the German forces leaving the ground strewn with dead. At one place they attacked nine times, and were repulsed each time. The issue hung in doubt till the evening, when a German force under the Archduke Charles, known as the Red Archduke, delayed through having made too large a circuit, appeared on the French flank behind Saint-Privat and threatened to cut the French army off from Metz. Their appearance was the signal for the famous charge of the

Prussian Guard, when it finally broke through the French line and lost a thousand of its fifteen hundred men. At the same time the village of Saint-Privat was set on fire by the artillery. Retreat was the only hope of saving the town from falling into the enemy's hands, and the French army rolled back sullenly into Metz, there to endure a siege, and, finally, a surrender which is one of the sorest memories of modern France. It is noticeable that both armies were facing their own capitals throughout the day.

The recital brought us out into the open country, dotted with the huge works of some dusty white manufacture. At the top of the road stood the steeped church of Saint-Privat in a characteristic French village, with red tiled houses and low walled gardens. It was as prosperous a little place as ever lived on the tourist. It seemed as unbelievable that it had ever been burnt as that London had. Along the top of the slope stood a row of monuments to the dead of the various German regiments engaged. That of the Prussian guard was a life-size bronze lion baying at the French frontier. It was the beginning of the recruiting year, and round each obelisk were groups of newly joined recruits, pleasant-faced,

lanky boys listening with acquiescence rather than enthusiasm to the emphatic narrative of a superior. Part of the initiation of a German soldier is a visit to these "denkmals." We got out of the cab and walked into the stubble fields to survey the ground. I fairly gasped. I had seen some few battlefields, and I knew that no operation in war is more costly than an advance up a long, gradual slope such as this. The French position was admirably chosen, and the Germans had advanced against it, as apparently they have been advancing against Liège, in quarter column, a thing the most elementary can hardly miss. The result of these tactics was written all over the country. Usually Nature is rather swift in obliterating the signs of any combat, human or otherwise, but here it seemed as if it had been too great for her. Among the stubble, between the rows of turnips, behind the hedges, beside the roads, everywhere there rose up the white headstones with the legends, "Here lie fifty German soldiers—twenty-five German soldiers—a hundred German soldiers."

We drove in silence through the cornfields down to a little village called (I think) Saint Marie-aux-Anges, which

had been the scene of a skirmish in which the French had been successful a little while before the big contest. In the middle of it stood an obelisk to the French dead covered with wreaths, whose inscriptions testified to "regrets éternelles" and "souvenirs glorieux." I forget when we crossed the frontier, two shallow trenches ornamented with square stones in adjoining meadows, guarded by two rather shabby custom-houses. But it was evening when we turned up the slope again and entered the village of Gravelotte. In the middle of the village is the cemetery where the majority of the German dead lie buried, a narrow field between two high hedges. It is rather spoilt by a

colossal gilt figure of a brawny angel with an ill-poised aureole, unfortunately suggestive of a sailor's hat. But standing among the graves in the gathering twilight I forgot that artless presence, and realised suddenly what a world of bereavement was contained in that little field. The graves touched each other like stones in a pavement, and the wooden cross at the head told of many dead lying in each. I have no idea what the number must have been. A few with the inscriptions "Ten German, fifteen French soldiers," "Twenty Germans, seven French" and so on, prompted the question, Was there a corresponding French cemetery? I was told there had been, but the year before the German Government built a fortress on it and blotted it out. I had a revulsion of feeling. I realised then why it had seemed such an overwhelmingly German battlefield, as though they had fought invulnerable nothings. The memory of that piece of crude brutality overcame my admiration when we drove through the scene of the nine attacks, a little ravine lined with trees, crossed by a road. Courage without magnanimity seemed a thing shorn of its splendour, and I was unmoved by the knowledge that the artillery had been galloped along this



Underwood &amp; Underwood.

A GENERAL VIEW OF METZ.

Copyright.



very road and had temporarily broken the French line. That impression of primitive arrogance was underlined by the last thing I saw before darkness fell. A little way from the road the ground had been levelled, turfed and planted with young trees. Here, I was told, was the platform where the massed bands were to stand at the celebrations of the

Jubilee of the War in 1920. At the time I only thought of the impolicy of such blatant festival in the midst of an unreconciled population. Now—. It is impossible to describe the feelings of irony with which I remember those square lawns with their thin saplings quivering in the dusk.

LUCY MASTERMAN.

## THE USE OF DOGS IN WAR TIME.

[Recent history has shown that the dog may be as useful to the soldier as he is to the policeman. Occasion for tracking may not occur very frequently, but as a help to the sentinel and the outpost few things could be of more assistance than the nose and ear of the "Friend of Man."—Ed.]

CIRCUMSTANCES have conspired to prevent previous acknowledgment of an interesting letter that reached me a few weeks ago from Mr. Ker of Trenarth, Lost-

withiel, commenting upon my recent article on police bloodhounds. This gentleman has a son in what was the Natal Police, but now, since the amalgamation of all the forces under the Union, is known as the South African Police. Mr. Ker, jun., was the first official to import bloodhounds into the sub-continent for official work, all of which he did at his own expense and initiative, never receiving help or encouragement from the Government. Subsequently the Criminal Investigation Department at Johannesburg followed his example, and, my correspondent believes, still keep several bloodhounds and bloodhound-Airedale crosses. Subsequently, after union became an accomplished fact, matters took another turn, a sort of school for the training of police dogs and men being established at Irene, near Pretoria. Here, under a properly qualified dog master, as he is called, large numbers of dogs are trained and kept for police duties, but the above official, Mr. du Kuyper, will not hear of the bloodhound.

The following breeds are kept: The Rottweiler, in appearance a mongrel-looking half-bred collie, and used in Germany,

whence they hail, as a cattle dog; the Dobermann Pinscher, much like a large Manchester or black and tan terrier with cropped ears, and tail so docked as to leave barely a stump. This,

I may say, is a breed much favoured on the Continent. Both these breeds are considered by Mr. du Kuyper to be incomparably superior to the bloodhound. In answer to that opinion, I would point out that all depends upon what they are wanted to do. If to assist the police on night beats, warning them of the presence of criminals, or guarding them from attack, Mr. du Kuyper is perfectly right, but if they are needed for tracking he is hopelessly wrong. As the result of his investigations on the Continent Major Richardson warned people to be on their guard against the extravagant claims made in many cases for the tracking powers of police dogs. From experiments made in several Belgian and German towns he found the dogs lamentably deficient in tracking powers, they rarely being able to find him at all. He remarks: "Although there are exceptional dogs here and there in Germany which have won good records for themselves in tracking crime, still there is much written



A TRACKING BLOODHOUND.

that is of a very exaggerated nature, amounting at times to undoubted untruths." Several breeds are capable of hunting the warm line of anyone they know. I have seen spaniels and terriers do it, but when they are asked



to run down a stranger they are hopelessly at sea. Not only will a properly trained bloodhound hunt a stranger without changing, but he will work a line so cold that another dog would not own to at all.

For this reason I have always insisted upon a clearly defined demarcation of duties. For certain purposes any intelligent breed of high courage and amenable to handling may answer admirably. My own belief is that for night duty it would be hard to beat retrievers, although they never seem to have been tried. If they have I have not heard of it. In this country Airedales seem to be preferred to most. I should think the retriever would have a superior nose, while his inherited instincts predispose him to ready breaking. Either of them would be

a formidable customer for a tramp to tackle. The movement is undoubtedly spreading in England and Scotland, with most excellent results as regards the diminution of crime, the dogs acting as a deterrent as well as detectives. I believe I am right in saying that in the five years during which the Wiltshire police have been accompanied by dogs on night beats crime has fallen away about fifty per cent. and has remained at that figure for the last three years. Captain Hoël Llewellyn, as my readers will know, is not only an enthusiastic believer in bloodhounds, but he has encouraged his men to keep other dogs. The county has met him by agreeing to pay the licences of dogs passed by him—a measure of justice which should appeal to all. I would go further, however, and urge the Government to bring such dogs under the list of total exemptions. Working sheepdogs are free from the impost—why not those engaged in the public service? In our usual rough and ready fashion we allow private individuals to bear the expense of public work until the inequity of the thing is fairly rubbed into us. Then we wonder why matters have been allowed to go on for so long.

In another category we must place the detection of crime after it has been committed, and here our reliance must be thrown upon the bloodhound as the only suitable breed. In view of what has been done, it is surprising that we are so slow to appreciate the possibilities. Quite recently a little boy was missing from his home in Devizes, and later on in the evening information was given to the police. Captain Llewellyn's

bloodhound bitch Moonlight, on being allowed to smell an article of clothing worn by the child, followed a much-foiled line to the canal underneath the prison bridge. The body of the poor boy was found in the water at the spot where she stopped. I have seen this bitch work, and am convinced that she has a nose and disposition far beyond the common, brought out by judicious

training. Facts that have come to my notice make me regard this performance as something remarkable. It is not quite clear how many hours intervened between the time the boy left his home and that at which the hound was laid on, but there was a considerable interval, during which many people had passed to and fro along the towpath prosecuting a fruitless search. Moon-

light went off at once with the utmost confidence straight to a gully running into the canal, and then, standing with feet in the water, she refused to move. In the darkness an electric torch was able to pierce to the bottom of the canal, proving that further search was uncalled for. She takes very much after her sire, Shadower, in having uncommon sense as well as nose, which is sometimes almost uncanny. One pays a willing tribute to her cleverness.

It is not very difficult to suggest many practical methods of utilising the service of dogs in war. Tracking might be valuable, but is not so very important, especially when the war is one of huge armies shocking against one another. But a good dog will ever be an efficient help for a sentinel. The nose is as useful as the ear for the detection of strangers. During the South African War many a surprise party would have been

balked of their object if the defenders had possessed dogs. In the detection and hunting of spies and other misdemeanants a dog could be of very great use indeed. Wherever operations are being conducted by small exploring parties or outposts, the dog's watchfulness and fidelity could be put to great account. But probably he

would be of most value to the sentinel, and that not only on the field of battle, but at home. There are just now a very large number of places and things that have to be kept under the closest observation. We need not specify them, because everybody could guess what they are. In many cases both men and officers of the Territorial Force must be already in possession of dogs that



C. Reid. A RETRIEVER, HARD TO BEAT FOR NIGHT DUTY. Copyright.



T. Fall. AN AIREDALE—AN AWKWARD CUSTOMER TO TACKLE. Copyright

could accompany them with great advantage to their personal and our national safety. For some time to come they will have to perform duties that have more or less of a police character,

such as guarding stores, looking out for desperate enemies who may attempt to distract public attention by dynamite or other outrages.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

## A REGIMENTAL GAME BOOK.

THE SECOND BATTN. THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE REGIMENT.

THE subjoined extracts from the Game Book of this regiment, which was lately stationed in India, will be of interest to our readers. It represents the bag of the years 1902 to 1912 inclusive, and the big-game shown is only that obtained by the officers, for animals bagged by other guns in shooting parties have only been noticed in the remarks column of the book. Small-game totals, however, are gross bags of all guns present:—During the ten years, the battalion occupied four stations in Northern India from Peshawar to Calcutta, and most of the northern shooting grounds from Kashmir to Assam were visited. But as showing the change brought about by improved communication with home, it is to be noted that only one shooting expedition of six months' duration was undertaken in this tour of service, whereas ten years earlier the 1st Battalion recorded several such trips in half the time. Neither Tibetan nor Burmese game, therefore, is to be found in the Game Book. Of strictly Indian game we have comparatively little missing; and such animals as the rhinoceros, the Nilgiri ibex, the Indian lion or chita, the wild ass or the Sikhim stag very rarely come within the ordinary sportsman's ken. Big-game shooting is now very hard to come by, except in certain districts and of certain sorts, and needs great arrangements; and it is very often in the power of one official to make or mar a shoot. Though the experiences of the regiment in this respect have not quite always been happy ones, still it remembers with great gratitude very many, both soldiers, civilians, political agents, planters, business men of many kinds, not to speak of native chiefs, both great and small, and last, and perhaps most important, forest officers, who have helped them most generously, and without whose aid its bag would have been very much poorer. Little or no expression of its gratitude is usually possible, and may, therefore, be happily expressed here.

The names of fifty-three officers of the battalion appear in the book, of which thirty occur less than ten times, and eight occur more than fifty times. Fourteen officers, whose names appear, have killed no big-game; one shows twenty-six kills in a tour of service of about four years, another sixteen kills, and others thirteen kills. Of the thirty-six species of big-game recorded five are represented by one specimen only, fifteen by fewer than ten heads, while black buck, chinkara, goral and pig just total half the bag. No "record heads" are in the list, but an ovis ammon (Littledalei) of 57½ in. is very high up; this was one of sixteen rams, pursued for three days, of which three were at least its equal. But the ibex, of from 45 in. to 55 in., were feeding above, and gave the alarm at the crisis of the stalk, so that the chance was very hurried, and only one of these great heads was obtained. Ibex are a good class. They include four of over 50 in., of which two (54½ in. and 54½ in.) were shot right and left after a stalk which the owner considers to have been the most difficult of his whole career. The Sind ibex, or wild goat, is comparatively rare. The 42 in. buck which represents this species spent most of his last hour of life up in a tree, as high as 15 ft. from the ground; its horns did not seem to incommode it at all. Markhor, a small class, have a good 52 in. specimen from Haramukh, on the right bank of the Indus; they include Kajrag heads up to 50 in. and a Baluchistan straight-horned specimen of

30½ in. (good for the present day). The Chamba tahr provided several officers with their first big-game, while goral from all parts, from Kashmir to the Nepal frontier, gave several others their first blood. Yet one gun had killed some fifty sorts of game in Africa and elsewhere before adding a goral to his list; he missed one in 1894, and did not see another for eighteen years. Though only one serow is in the bag, they were several times seen, and more than one was missed; they are pretty common in the Kumaon Hills. The best Kashmir stag is 40 in.; a very big one is mentioned as wounded and lost.

Pig-sticking is almost entirely confined to three years and one station. In the last year nine officers representing the battalion, obtained 73 per cent. out of the total bag of the Tent Club. Central India lay outside our "sphere of influence," thus only one good sambar (42½ in.) is in the list, obtained in a casual one-gun beat by a subaltern on a few days' leave after a musketry class. Chital, all shot in three years, include two very good heads of 37½ in. and 37½ in., both from the Tarai, with others of 35 in. and upwards. The swamp deer from the Tarai is a very fine head; one a little longer fell to an outside gun on another shoot, otherwise no really big head was seen by us. Kakar only provides one good head of 5½ in., shot from a dak bungalow back door in the hills. The best black buck (26½ in.) nearly produced trouble with some natives who objected to shooting, but no real "row" with natives mars the regimental record. The best chinkara comes from the Rajputana Desert, and the next from the Jumna banks. Tigers are a very poor entry. Although for perhaps six years the regiment was within reach of tiger country, they came very slowly. Gradually experience of where to go, who to apply to and what to do when the ground was reached has been accumulated; and had the regiment been another year or two in the same districts, the tale of tigers would have been much increased. Two come from Assam, one was an outlier from within fifty miles of Agra, the others are from the Tarai. Panthers are still very numerous in the right places; one party in May "met" thirteen in ten days, of which only three or four were in beats, the rest accidentally; six were missed or lost, wounded, for which the battalion was not responsible, but it accounted for two out of the three secured in that shoot. One gun is responsible for seven of the total, of which all but two were met casually in the jungle. One panther was shot after a "sit-up" lasting five minutes; another was missed twice and bagged in daylight two hours later over the same kill. But no great adventure occurred with either panther or tiger, unless a very ignorant subaltern's is included, who states that in Assam he crept within 3 yds. of a tiger in high grass, remained a quarter of an hour and came away. One officer spent three strenuous weeks in the rains after two man-eaters, and missed one twice, but was consoled by a comrade (not in the regiment) who missed both! The battalion was responsible for no accident, although in a bear drive near Calcutta one beater was mauled,

and one also when hog-hunting. Snow leopards, though more numerous than is often supposed, are very rarely seen. One gun met three together, shot two right and left, but they fell into impossible cliffs, and only one was eventually recovered by a Kashmiri. Men of six races were present, but only this one man could negotiate the crags.

Of the greatest game of all, elephants might have been better represented; no big tusker is in the book. Two come from Java. Rhinoceroses were a chief aim of two short trips, but were never



J. M. Dunn. OVIS AMMON LITTEDALEI—LENGTH ON CURVE 57½ IN. Copyright. Approaching the record.

actually seen. No real big buffalo bull was ever met with, but the cow (9ft. 11in. sweep) shot with the late Maharajah of Cooch Behar is a good head. Gaur come from Orissa, from Mysore and from both north and south of the Brahmaputra, and show a certain difference of skull. They have perhaps afforded the most exciting sport of all. One officer was charged and knocked down by a wounded bull, but escaped without injury and got his beast. Another, bringing home a head, was closely followed and menaced by a tiger, attracted by the blood; while a third, after his first successful day, found himself hopelessly

benighted, without food or light, and the rain poured all night; he reached home next afternoon.

GAME KILLED BETWEEN JANUARY, 1902, AND DECEMBER, 1912, IN INDIA.

The big-game, antelope, deer, etc., were actually killed by officers of the regiment. The small-game was either killed by officers or by parties at which officers were present.

*Best Heads, etc.*

Elephant .. .. .	3		
Bison .. .. .	12	Length, 29½in.; sweep, 71in.	Mysore.
Snow leopard .. .	2	Length, 7ft. 4in.	Chamba State.
Buffalo .. .. .	3	Sweep, 9ft. 11in.	A cow. Assam.
Rhinoceros .. .	—		
Tiger .. .. .	6	Length, 9ft. 6in.	United Provinces.
Panther .. .. .	12	Length, 8ft. 4in.	Murree Hills.
Sloth bear .. ..	17		
Black bear .. ..	36		
Red bear .. .. .	15		
Kashmir stag .. .	7	Length (curve), 40in.	
Sambar .. .. .	10	Length (curve), 42½in.	Central Provinces.
Cheetah .. .. .	29	Length, 37½in.	Bahraich, United Provinces; 37in. in United Provinces.
Swamp-deer .. ..	8	Length (curve), 36½in., 15 points.	Kheri, United Provinces.
Hog-deer .. .. .	7	Length (curve), 17½in., 17in.	United Provinces; Assam.
Barking-deer .. .	7	Length (curve), 5½in.	Kumaon.
Musk-deer .. .. .	3	Length (curve), 2½in., 2½in.	United Provinces; Chamba.
Roedeer .. .. .	6	Length (curve), 14½in. and 14in.	in Tian Shan.
Nilgai .. .. .	20	Length, 9½in. and 8½in.	in Kheri, United Provinces.
Black buck .. ..	147	Length (curve), 26½in. in Bikaner; 24½in., 23½in. in United Provinces; and 23½in. near Agra.	
Chinkara .. .. .	62	Length (curve), 12½in. in Jaisalmeer; 12½in. near Cawnpore; 12½in. at Bhoratpore; and 12½in. at Cawnpore.	
Wolf .. .. .	2		
Four-horned antelope ..	1		
Siberian wapiti .. .	1	Length (curve) 48½in., 12 points, in Tian Shan.	
O. ammon littledalei ..	3	Length (curve), 57½in. and 54in.	in Tian Shan.
Burrhel .. .. .	1		Shot in Kumaon.
Oorial .. .. .	1		
Shapo .. .. .	9	Length (curve), 27½in. and 26½in.	in Kashmir.
Ovis ammon poli .. .	4	Length (curve), 52½in. and 52½in.	Jaghdum bash Pamir.
Tahr .. .. .	25	Length (curve), 14½in. in Chamba; 13½in. in Kulu.	
Markhor .. .. .	10	Length (curve), 52in. and 51in.	in Kashmir.
" straight horn .. .	2	Length (straight), 30½in.	in Baluchistan.
Sind ibex .. .. .	2	Length (curve), 42in.	in Karachi Kohistan.
Ibex .. .. .	49	Length (curve), 54½in. and 54½in., a right and left shot in the Tian Shan; 46in. and 45½in. in Kashmir.	
Goral .. .. .	65	Length (curve), 7½in. and 7½in.	in Chamba.
Wild boar .. .. .	84	All speared except two or three shot in the jungle.	
Serow .. .. .	1	Length (curve), 10in.	in Chamba.
	674	Thirty-six sorts of big-game.	
		SMALL-GAME.	
		<i>Best Days.</i>	
Pheasant .. .. .	40		
Partridge, black .. .	46		
" grey .. .. .	382		
Chicker .. .. .	350		
Woodcock .. .. .	1		
Sandgrouse, imperial ..	622	Imperial, 351; pintail, 124; duck, 51; various, 4; total, 530.	Bikaner State, Dec. 27, 1910. Twenty-one guns.
Quail .. .. .	1,191	Sialkot, April 10, 1902. Two guns, 57½ brace.	
Pigeon .. .. .	4,256	Fatehgarh, Feb. 12, 1910. Three guns, 363; and Feb. 11, 1911, four guns, 450.	
Peafowl .. .. .	352		
Spur fowl .. .. .	—		
Jungle fowl .. .. .	49		
Geese .. .. .	48		
Duck .. .. .	7,549	Bhoratpore, United Provinces, Feb. 14, 1911, forty-six guns. — geese, 1,133 duck, 560 teal, 11 various; total, 1,704.	
Teal .. .. .	1,888	Bhoratpore, United Provinces, Dec. 31, 1910, fifty guns. — geese, 1,200 duck, 300 teal, 6 various; total, 1,506.	
		Bhoratpore, United Provinces, Feb. 10, 1910, twenty-six guns. 5 geese, 1,388 duck and teal, — various; total, 1,393.	
Snipe .. .. .	9,354	Calcutta, Feb. 28, 1909, two guns, 115½ couple. Peshawar, April 6 and 7, 1905, three guns, 115 couple.	
		Calcutta, March 5, 1908, five guns, 124½ couple.	
Hares .. .. .	145		
Sisi .. .. .	92		
Various .. .. .	297		
Crocodile .. .. .	43	16ft. 10in., a gharical; 16ft. 8in., a gharical.	
Mahseer .. .. .	214	20lb. in Assam.	
Fish, various .. .. .	4		
Total .. .. .	27,202		
GRAND TOTAL .. .. .			27,966



J. M. Dunn.

A RIGHT AND LEFT.

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Two ibex, one 54½in., the other 54½in.



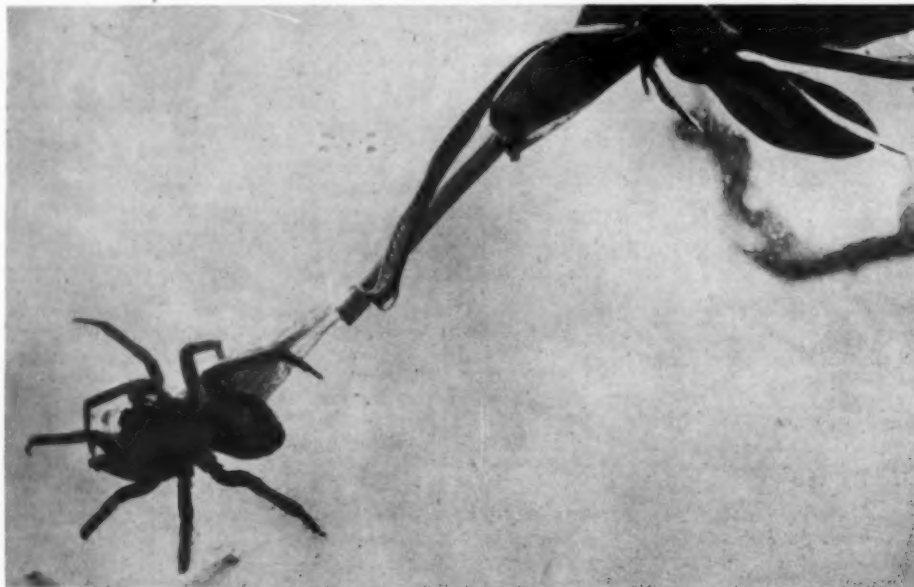
## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### SPIDERS.

ALTHOUGH recognised and distinguished in all ages and almost all countries for one special function, the spinning of silk (the word "spider" appears to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *spinan*, to spin), spiders have at the same time earned a rather unfair reputation for ferocity. Whether this reputation has been acquired from the predatory habits necessitated to appease the hunger of a carnivorous appetite—for all spiders are carnivorous—or whether it has originated from the somewhat unnatural harshness of treatment frequently meted out to the amorous male, it is hard to say. It is certainly at the risk of his life that the male makes his advances; his usually smaller size and greater agility standing him in good stead when the

according to the species. These "spinnerets," as they are called, have their tips and lower surfaces furnished with numerous minute tubes, through which the silk issues as a viscid fluid, which is secreted in the abdomen, and passes into the spinnerets

by small ducts. On exposure to the air the silk becomes hard. The primary and only constant use for which silk is employed without exception by all species is the formation of egg cases or cocoons by the female. The evolution of web-making has proceeded far along widely divergent routes, and the different groups of spiders will be found to differ much in the complexity of their silken habitations.



J. T. Roberts.

WATER SPIDER SECURING A LEAF.

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Within the space of a short article it is impossible to do more than notice the web-building and domestic economy of more than three of the five hundred or so species of British spiders. The heath spider (*Agelena labyrinthica*), as its name implies, occurs frequently in large numbers on heaths



WATER SPIDER TURNING OVER A LEAF.

time comes to escape from the unnatural behaviour of his mate. The method of catching prey varies considerably; some species hunt by day and others only by night; some capture their prey by speed of foot and others rely on cunning concealment, or on entangling unwary insects in the meshes of their webs, often so marvellously woven. First, one would naturally enquire, "How is this all-important silk produced?" At the extremity of the abdomen are small appendages, two, three or four pairs,



WATER SPIDER AND NEST AT SIDE.

and commons, where its strong white web, stretched in a horizontal position over some low-growing plant, forms a conspicuous object. From part of this snare a large, cylindrical tube runs downwards, and at its mouth the tenant may usually be seen watching for the prey, on which he is ready to dart at the moment of its touching the snare. On the approach of danger,

the spider instantly darts backwards into the tube, and, if pursued, escapes through an opening at the lower end. The garden spider (*Epeira diadema*), on the other hand, is one of the most skilful spinners of the so-called orbicular web, by common consent regarded as manifesting the greatest perfection in snare building. This abundant and handsome spider, known in France as the "Porte-croix," from the conspicuous white cross marks on its abdomen (well shown in the photograph), must be familiar to nearly everybody in the late summer, and the process by which the snare is constructed is well worth observing. The first step is to extend a horizontal cord between two neighbouring points. How is this done? It is done by the aid of the wind, the spider exposing the spinnerets to a current of air while emitting the liquid silk. A thread is thus drawn, as it were, from the spider by the power of the wind, and, coming in contact with some neighbouring object, adheres by its own natural stickiness. Thus the framework is commenced, and the spider, with a base now established from which to conduct operations, is able to complete it by lines placed according to circumstances, either by dropping and swinging from point to point, or, as in the case of the first, by means of the wind. The framework completed, the spider is in a position to fill the whole with a series of radiating lines, the next and final step being to connect the radii by spiral lines, so forming the meshes of the net. Should the web get damaged, repairs are executed with the utmost despatch.

The remarkable water spider (*Argyroneta aquatica*) is found in many parts of England, and lives chiefly under water. In this respect it differs from the other diving spiders, which, although capable of carrying into the water with them sufficient air to support them for a considerable period, yet neither build nor seek for prey beneath its surface. The water spider does both. Small water insects form the usual prey, but sometimes they feed on flies or other terrestrial insects which fall into the water; sometimes they even come ashore to hunt for prey. It will be noticed that the spider in our photograph has acquired a caterpillar for its larder.

When diving, the water spider has the appearance of a globule of quicksilver, an effect caused by the air entangled in the fine downy hairs with which the abdomen

is covered. The water spider constructs a bell-shaped cell under water in the following manner. Rising in the water with her head downwards until her spinnerets touch the surface, she then spreads them, engaging between them a small bubble of air, which she rapidly conveys to some plant on which she has decided to construct her nest. Detaching



J. T. Roberts.

HEATH SPIDER KILLING A BLUE-BOTTLE.

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the air bubble from herself, she leaves it clinging to the stalk.

When air to the bulk of a small nut has been accumulated, she spins round it a silken net which she covers with a semi-liquid substance, probably the silky matter in its viscid state; this she carefully kneads into the shape of a diving-



J. T. Roberts.

COMMON GARDEN SPIDER REPAIRING ITS WEB.

Copyright.

bell, with an elastic slit-like opening on the under side, through which she passes in and out. All spiders are oviparous; the number of eggs laid varies considerably in the various species, from six in some to many hundreds in others. Attempts have been made to turn spiders' silk to commercial uses.

GEOFFREY MEADE-WALDO.



A TIME of crisis affords not only a revelation of character, but a touchstone of utilities slurred over in the ordinary run of daily existence. The owners of great mansions are reminding us, by their noble offers, of the national utilities of houses of a scale and size adequate to the exigencies of times of war. Gazing through the magnificent *clairevoyée* of Devonshire House the passing public notes with keen interest the busy activities of this centre of Red Cross organisation. The Duke of Devonshire, by placing at their disposal the spacious ground floor of his London residence, has provided that work of mercy and pity with offices unique in their centrality and convenience. The entrance hall on the ground floor, the full width and depth of the centre of the house, is divided into a central nave and two aisles by coupled columns, where, seated at workmanlike tables covered with green baize, are to be found lady organisers eager to deal with endless enquiries and offers of service. The hall ends in the great circle of the top-lit staircase, illuminated from above with a flood of light. Beyond is the fine garden, which, joining

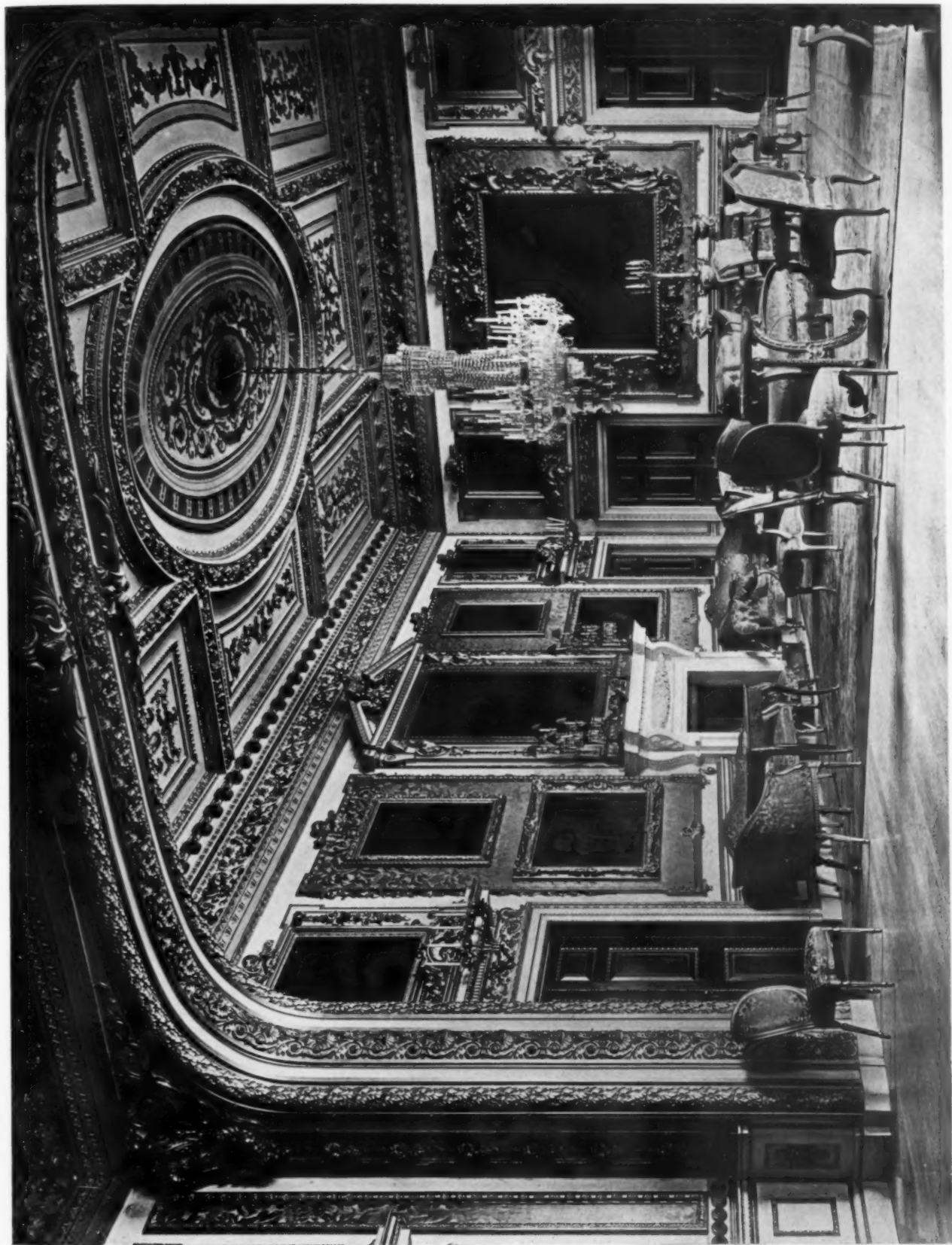
on to that of Lansdowne House, gives to Berkeley Square an open and countrified aspect which is amazing as you turn down from the mad rush of the Piccadilly traffic.

Evelyn, in his Diary, on June 12th, 1684, records that he went to advise Lady Berkeley as to the development of her estate, for old Berkeley House, "one of the most magnificent pallaces of the towne," at that time occupied the site. "In the meantime I could not but deplore that sweet place should be so much straightened & turned into tenements." Lord Clarendon's great house, which brought him so much unpopularity, had just been broken up, and indicated what might be done, "so excessive a price as was offered advancing near £1,000 a year in mere ground rents."

Old Berkeley House itself was burnt on October 16th, 1733, and the present Devonshire House was built to the designs of Kent upon its site. It is a characteristic Anglo-Palladian scheme, with a great forecourt with balanced wings and quadrant corners. The long screen wall which forms the fourth side facing to Piccadilly was originally blank, until by the removal of the great wrought-iron gates







"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE BALL-ROOM.

Copyright.

from the ducal villa at Chiswick it was thrown open to the public view. The present carriage porch, with its plain and sturdy piers, is an addition replacing the original external staircase that led up to the "piano nobile" of Italian origin. Its architect, Kent, remains an artist of an enigmatic character. Horace Walpole, who knew

easily described than understood. It was as *protégé* of Lord Burlington, inmate of his house and chief counsellor in his lordship's excursions into architecture, that Kent first appears upon the scene. Pope, who was, after all, a shrewd observer, and was personally acquainted with the members of the Burlington school of architecture, evidently held his lordship



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THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

him well from his connection with Houghton, has much to say about him. "From Kent's mahogany we are dwindled to Adam's filigree." "As Vanbrugh dealt in quarries and Kent in lumber, Adam, our most admired, is all gingerbread filigrairie and fan painting." Such are the indirect arrows of his keen and critical wit.

Kent was at once painter, architect, dress and furniture designer, and the chief originator of the "natural" or landscape school of gardening. His unique vogue is more

to be of account as a man of taste and natural artistic perception :

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,  
And pompous buildings once were things of use,  
Yet shall my lord your just, your noble rules,  
Fill half the land with imitating fools.

Certainly Kent, Colin Campbell, Vardy and Fitchcroft seem, while doubtless giving form and substance to the designs emanating from Burlington House, to have found some



focus which inspired their common efforts. The external plainness of Devonshire House is instinct with a quality which is lacking in buildings superficially resembling it.

Kent was born in 1684 and died in 1748, five years earlier than the decease of his patron, who was eleven years junior to him. They were in Italy together, the introduction taking place in Rome where the young artist was studying under Cavaliere Luti. From the Palladian villa of Maser, near Treviso, his lordship brought home a series of drawings by Palladio of the Roman *Thermae*, the publication of which was the great achievement of his life. Other drawings of great value which still remain unpublished have been placed in the library of the Royal Institute of Architects by the kindness of the Duke of Devonshire, where



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THE BALUSTRADING OF WYATT'S STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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DETAIL OF DECORATION IN THE SALOON.

"C.L."

they attract the attention of European students of architecture.

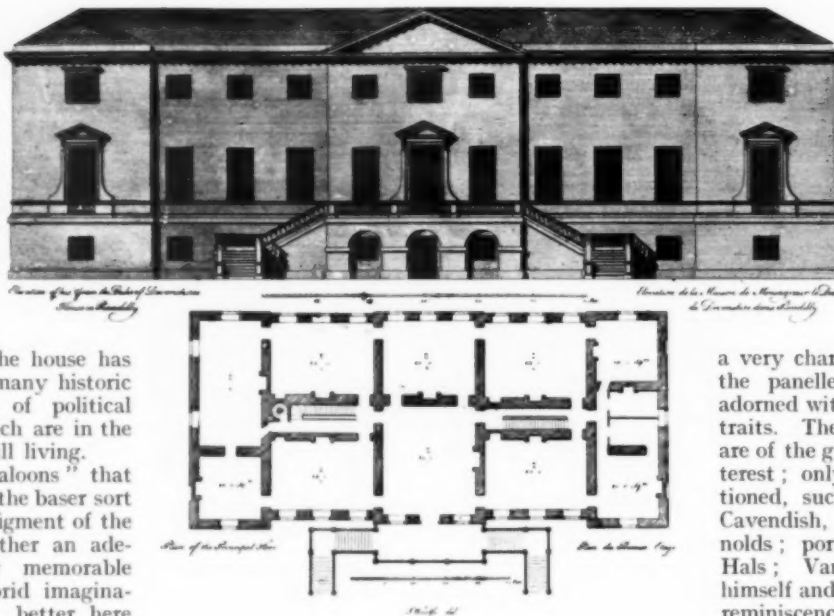
Walpole in October, 1741, records a party where "the Company" was all extremely good; there were none but people of the first fashion, except Mr. Kent, Mr. Cibber . . . and you know all these have an alloy. Kent came as governess to Lady Charlotte Boyle." She was the daughter and eventually heiress of the third Earl of Burlington, and married, in 1748, William Cavendish Marquess of Hartington, afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire. Her death took place in 1754. The two great houses that well-nigh adjoined in the old Piccadilly that was lined with mansions were then still more closely united. Burlington's Collection of the masque drawings by Inigo Jones thus found its way to Chatsworth from Chiswick. Walpole was keen witted enough to discern in 1760 that "Lord Burlington, Kent & others" had made up Inigo Jones' architectural designs, as published by them, from the very imperfect sketches of the author. They, in fact, translated the seventeenth century in terms of the eighteenth, adding thereto not a few inventions of their own. The earlier residence of the Devonshire family was in Devonshire Square, Clerkenwell, for half a century from about 1625. This house had disappeared by 1708.

The present Devonshire House has seen many exciting moments. It was occupied by the military during the Gordon Riots of 1780. In March, 1774, Walpole notes that "the Duke of Devonshire marries Lady Georgiana Spencer (eldest daughter of the first Earl Spencer). She is a lovely girl, natural and full of grace: he the first match in England." This was the preface to the eventful scene just ten years later of the triumph of Charles James Fox's return to Parliament for Westminster, that famous contested election the memory of which is preserved by so many stories. The Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, each in a coach and six, with trumpeters, horsemen, and bands of electors armed with banners, accompanied the hero of the occasion in a procession from Covent



Garden down the Strand, past Carlton House and up St. James's to Piccadilly. After making a circuit of Berkeley Square the triumph ended at Devonshire House, where the heir apparent, surrounded by the great Whig families, received them in public. The house has been the scene of many historic meetings at times of political crisis, occasions which are in the memory of those still living.

"The gilded saloons" that figure in orations of the baser sort are certainly not a figment of the imagination, but rather an adequate setting for memorable events. Kent's florid imagination has succeeded better here than in the showy pomp of the Cupola Room which he tacked on to the sobriety and repose of Wren's Kensington Palace. He had, however, sufficient sense of style to enable him to combine furniture and decoration with the architectural treatment of an interior, so that he extorts even from the reserved spectator the admission that a harmony of his own has resulted from his efforts. It may be "no deeper than the plaster," like the frescoes of the Italian in the days of Henry VII., of which Kipling tells us in "Rewards and Fairies." Kent, we may well believe, asked no more of art or life, and was content to float upon the surface, and would have been amused at Benedetto's passion of hate. Since his day the interior has been cleverly adapted to modern requirements, as will be seen by the original plan. The external staircase was up to that time the only adequate way of reaching the main suite of reception rooms. The porte cochère, lower hall and the great staircase beyond represent adjustments to the



ORIGINAL PLAN & ELEVATION OF DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, FROM VITRUVIUS BRITANNICUS.

climate and ways of England rather than of Italy.

As will be seen by the photographs, the rooms themselves retain their ancient character. The great saloon in the centre of the façade is vaulted like a square dome. The dining-room has

a very characteristic ceiling, and the panelled walls are further adorned with a fine series of portraits. The pictures in the house are of the greatest value and interest; only a few can be mentioned, such as Lord Richard Cavendish, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; portrait of a man, by Hals; Vandyck's portrait of himself and Rubens, a memorable reminiscence of their association; a fine landscape by Titian; and a full-length portrait of Philip II. of Spain by the same master. By that interesting and unequalled

painter, Guido, is a Perseus and Andromeda, and there are landscapes by Poussin, Lancret and Watteau.

The sixth Duke of Devonshire, who was born in 1790 and died unmarried in 1858, redecorated the whole house. He specially preserved a small room treated in blue and silver from the designs of the "beautiful Duchess," Georgiana. Her death took place on March 30th, 1806. It will be obvious from the illustration of the ballroom that it has been formed by uniting a second room through the great elliptic arch seen in the foreground of the picture. This fine apartment contains Paul Veronese's "Adoration of the Magi," one of that painter's masterpieces. The great Rubens' "Holy Family with St. Elizabeth," and a portrait by Jordaens are other notable works. The two drawing-rooms—known as the red and green, from the colour of their hangings—form part of the suite.



In the latter is a bold rendering of the story of Samson and Delilah by Tintoretto. In the boudoir is a fine architectural painting representing the interior of a church by Steenwyck. James Wyatt, who was distinctly skilful in house alteration, constructed the great circular staircase, before alluded to, and the illustration shows the rich metalwork of the golden balustrading. The handrail is an unique piece of glasswork which might be taken to be of crystal. It is impossible to do more than mention the rare collection of furniture of all phases of French design, including the Empire.

In the grounds are interesting lead statues, which at that epoch were so wisely used in place of stone or marble

for garden adornments. Whatever may have been the attractions of Berkeley House as built by Evelyn's friend, Hugh May, a somewhat stodgy architect so far as we can judge, it is hard to believe that they have not been fully replaced by the present Devonshire House. The epitaph of the former, after the fire of October 16th, 1733, by that exigent critic of London buildings, Ralph, was: "'Tis our happiness to have remembered it as it formerly stood, great in simplicity and elegant in plainness."

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

*The Country Home next will be Great Chalfield Manor.—II., the seat of Mr. Robert Fuller.*

## THE REVIVAL.

"JANET," I said impressively, "how long have we been married?"

"Ten years," replied Janet. "Why?"

"Only that I would propose spending our holidays this year at Mill Farm," I said, quietly, at the same time carefully watching Janet's face.

"Mill Farm!" she exclaimed, looking up from her needlework. "Why, that is where we spent our honeymoon."

"Exactly," replied I. "It is my idea that we should revive those happy days by literally going over old ground. We will do the same foolish things we did ten years ago. I will pay you the same foolish compliments I paid you then."

"I am glad you see how foolish they were, now," said Janet. "You thought a lot of them at the time, I know."

"So did you," I retorted.

"Perhaps I was a bit foolish myself then," admitted Janet. "Of course you were; we both were," I responded, cheerfully. "And we are going to be foolish this year for a whole fortnight. What do you say, Janet; shall we not revive the old comedy?"

"I don't mind," Janet replied, somewhat dubiously. "Perhaps it will be rather fun, and, anyway, it settles this horrible holiday question for one more year."

"The place has not altered a bit," I said, enthusiastically, as we drove through a barren land dedicated to saints and slate quarries.

"No," Janet concurred. "I had hoped—I mean I had thought it would have grown somewhat."

"We are not playing our parts," I objected. "The last time we made this journey you were sitting on my knee."

"Don't be so silly," said Janet. "Think of the driver."

"We did not think of the driver on the previous occasion," I demurred.

"We will cut that part," said Janet.

"Very well," I agreed, submissively. "I suppose when one revives an old play one has to cut certain passages."

"Of course," replied Janet. "How ugly the country is all along here."

"You did not say that last time."

"Last time," said Janet, "I did not notice the country. Neither did I notice what a horribly jolty road this is or I would never have come again."

"That was because you were sitting on my knee," I responded promptly.

"Oh!" said Janet, and said nothing else during the remainder of the drive, which I must admit did seem infernally long.

We dismounted at a blacksmith's forge, and prepared to make a precipitous descent on foot to where the farm buildings clustered round the ancient mill wheel. Last time, I recollected, I had to hold Janet rather tightly as the path is somewhat tricky in places.

"If it's all the same to you," said Janet, "I'd rather look after myself; I feel safer somehow."

"As you please," I sighed.

"It is horribly muddy," grumbled Janet. "Why couldn't they have put the farmhouse near the road while they were about it?"

"If you recollect, it was this very isolation which appealed to us ten years ago, Janet," I said, softly.

"Oh!" said Janet.

It certainly was a confoundingly muddy walk, but that was no excuse for Janet's arriving at the farm in such a vile temper. I was slightly irritable myself, but that was only natural, seeing that I had sat down in the middle of a small stream while helping Janet across.

"If you had not interfered it would never have happened," Janet had said, ungratefully.

"If you had been the same weight as you were ten years ago, it would never have happened," I had retorted cuttingly. I had not noticed before how stuffy the parlour was at Mill Farm, nor how exasperatingly it was furnished in the matter of idiotic knick-knacks which broke when you knocked them over.

"If you cannot keep your temper," said Janet, taking the candle, "you had better get to bed."

I rose to follow her, and hit my head sharply against the lintel. I remember I had joked about these absurdly low doors on the previous occasion, but on this night I fancy I expressed myself differently.

"You did not say that last time," said Janet from the top of the stairs.

"Last time," I retorted, savagely, "you called me your ducky-doodlums, and kissed the place to make it well."

"Oh!" said Janet.

"Last time," I pointed out, "we sat side by side on this gate, and I put my arm round your waist to keep you steady."

"You can sit on the gate if you like," said Janet. "For my part I am going to sit on this bank. Pretty object I should look sitting on a gate at my time of life. If you only knew how silly you look."

"But I thought we had agreed to look silly for a fortnight. How do you expect me to act my part if you don't play up to me?"

"We will cut that part," said Janet.

"We can't go on cutting out bits like this," I remonstrated; "there won't be anything of the old play left. It is now tea-time, and ever since breakfast I have been trying my hardest to get you to go over the old ground."

"Well, we have gone over the old ground, haven't we? I'm sure I feel as though I'd walked fifty miles."

"We have gone over the old ground, Janet," I replied, sadly, "but not in the old spirit."

"If you could only realise how stupid you look when you try to sentimentalise!" said Janet. "And talking of spirit, it's a wonder I've got any left. I haven't set eyes on a single human being, except you, since lunch."

"You found me sufficient last time," I said, reproachfully.

"Last time!" exclaimed Janet, rising to her feet. "Oh for goodness sake let's get back. I'm simply dying for my tea."

In the evening we strolled into the village.

"The condition of these streets is something disgraceful," remarked Janet. "Why doesn't somebody do something?"

"Last time," I reminded her, "you said these byways were too sweetly quaint for anything."

"Oh!" said Janet.

"Do you remember," I continued, "that favourite evening walk of ours along the shore; that lonely path along which we used to walk for miles without meeting a soul?"

"For Heaven's sake don't let us go along there to-night," said Janet; "I shall get the creeps if we do." She shuddered. I sighed.

"Oh!" said Janet, suddenly, this time in a different tone. We had turned into the curious old High Street, and there immediately before us, radiating a bluish electric glare, was a garish structure resplendent in white and gold.

"A picture palace," Janet said, ecstatically.

"A picture palace," I said, mournfully. I noticed, with a pang, that Janet's eyes were shining for the first time that day. A richly caparisoned official waved a cotton-gloved hand invitingly.

"No waiting, sir," he said. "Step inside and give the lady the time of her life."

It was really a capital show, and, strangely enough, we both felt in a more harmonious mood when we came out. Walking home in the darkness I said, "Janet, have you ever been to Sandbeach?"

"No," said she. "Is it far from here?"

"We can get there quite easily. It is not a large place, but it is not so small as this. It is not a noisy place, neither is it—er—too quiet. There is a pier and—er—good class entertainments in the evening. And there is plenty of good bathing—"

"My new bathing dress is simply wasted on these people," wailed Janet.

"I was just thinking that—er—perhaps you would be happier at Sandbeach than here," I concluded.

"We'll go over in the morning and book rooms for next week," said Janet. "You are a dear to think of Sandbeach."

"Janet," I said, "what about this old comedy we were going to revive?"

"Oh!" said Janet.

"There is something wrong somewhere," said I.

"Yes," admitted Janet, "but it is not the play that is wrong."

"No," I said. "But one always notices in these revivals that there is something missing."

DUDLEY CLARK.



## SEA-LION AND SALMON.

THE Dominion Government of Canada has now under consideration a petition from the salmon canners to set aside funds for the purpose of paying a bounty on the head of every sea-lion killed and brought in to any Government Agent's office

on the Pacific Coast of Canada, in view of the fact that these animals are destructive to the salmon, which provides the means of making a livelihood to a large number of fishermen and affords a cheap, palatable food for the people of large inland

towns in Europe and America, where fresh fish are quite beyond the means of poorly paid men and women. At first sight this petition seems reasonable enough, as the most enthusiastic naturalist is forced to admit, however unwillingly, that the wild animals of land and sea must give way to the needs of man. But it seemed wise to the Government, before passing an Act which means the total extinction of a very attractive animal along the coast line of British Columbia, to make enquiries as to the number of sea-lions existing along that coast line and to find out as much as possible about their habits, especially as regards their means of obtaining their food supply. Accordingly in the summer of 1913 Dr. C. F. Newcombe was commissioned to cruise among the outlying islands of Northern British Columbia and to gather all the information he could about sea-lions. An account of his expedition is now being published in the Annual Report of the Fisheries Department of British Columbia, and to him I am indebted for the statistics given in this article. My own knowledge of the sea-lion is unscientific and is simply the result of impressions formed during

visits to distant breeding grounds, where sudden events, inseparable from attempts to land on a rocky shore exposed to an ocean swell, are likely to lessen the capacity for quiet observation. But I know quite enough to say that with the extermination of the sea-lions the waters of Queen

Charlotte's Sound would lose a great deal of their charm. It is not given to all of us to see these animals in their natural surroundings, but they are quite familiar to the general public in the Zoological Gardens and menageries.

Almost simultaneously with



ON THE LONELY ROCKS.

the presenting of the salmon canners petition the discovery was made that the skin of the sea-lion, and especially that of the newly born cub, makes excellent material for the manufacture of durable gloves, and a small vessel was equipped last summer expressly for the purpose of securing these skins.

The price paid for a green skin by a Vancouver firm of traders was eight cents per pound, which is quite enough to make this business profitable. The old sea-lions are not easy to approach in the water and sink when shot, but the cubs remain ashore for some time after birth and can easily be clubbed by a party of men, who can make a landing on any of the breeding grounds during a spell of calm weather. If a further inducement to carry on the slaughter is offered by a head bounty on each animal, it is obvious that the herds will be quickly exterminated by the killing of each year's crop of cubs, even if the full grown animals can escape the hunters for a short time. The cubs are born during the month of June, the most favourable time to escape the danger of being washed off the rocks by breaking seas, but also



READY TO DIVE.





A WAVE-BEATEN ISLET OF THE SOUND.

the most favourable time for the hunter to make a landing and deal destruction. They lie torpid in the sun without knowledge of danger or self defence; the coveys leave them unwatched to the natural protection afforded by the inaccessibility of their birthplaces. In this case we have the two great causes which lead to the rapid extinction of a species—an easy slaughter of the young animal and a good price for its skin. It seems superfluous to offer further reward to the men who will take up this work for a living. It would surely be more reasonable to limit the amount of skins to be taken each season to such a point that a supply of this excellent material for gloves should be available for future generations. It is simply the story of the fur seal again,

but extermination will be more rapid, as the sea-lions exist in far less numbers and are less migratory in habit than the fur seals.

All the important sea-lion rookeries are at the entrance of Queen Charlotte's Sound, the broad channel separating Vancouver's Island from the Queen Charlotte's Group. It is a stormy piece of water exposed to the force of the Pacific, full of small islands and rocks and formerly little frequented except on the main route of steamers plying between British Columbia and Alaska. Of late years, since the development of the halibut fisheries, Queen Charlotte's Sound and the adjoining Hecate Straits have become the principal fishing grounds for vessels engaged in this business.



BASKING IN FALSE SECURITY.



THE FISHING FLEET AT THE MOUTH OF THE FRASER RIVER.

The following estimate of the number of sea-lions at the different rookeries was made by Dr. Newcombe: Cape St. James, 2,500; East Haycock Island, 2,500; Virgin Rocks, 2,500; Pearl Rocks, 1,500; and Triangle Island, 500. The Triangle Island rookery was the most important one until the establishment of a lighthouse and wireless station on the island in 1909, when the animals were much molested by the workmen engaged in the construction of the buildings. At Cape St. James a lighthouse was built last year, and there will, no doubt, be also a falling off in the number of sea-lions at this rookery. It appears, then, that there are, roughly, 10,000 sea-lions on the coast of British Columbia, concentrated for a great part of the year, and certainly during the run of salmon, on islands lying well out in the ocean. They are all, of course, fish eaters, but it seems that most of their food supply must be furnished by other fish than salmon. They are ocean-loving animals, and do not hang about the mouths of salmon streams, as is the habit of the hair-seal. An odd sea-lion is occasionally caught in a salmon trap, but they do not pursue the fish systematically in herds into shallow water. During the

run of salmon entering Queen Charlotte's Sound past the rookeries the sea-lions take their toll; but after the run, which is not of long duration, is over, they must fall back on the deep water fish for a living. Nor is there any noticeable falling off in the number of the salmon, and certainly none attributable to damage done by sea-lions. Since the canning industry started, over forty years ago, the runs have always been uncertain, with fat and lean seasons, usually culminating in an immense run every fourth year, when the fish appear in incredible numbers, and any attempt at protection seems unnecessary. At first the fish were taken indiscriminately and at all times, but for many years the Government has established a weekly close time of thirty-six hours, during which the fish may pass up the rivers to their spawning grounds without molestation. Also the number of fishing licences issued to the different canneries has been restricted, and great care has been taken in the granting of trap sites. Besides these precautions, hatcheries have been established, and many millions of fry are turned out yearly in the upper waters of the large rivers. During 1913 the following



TAKING SALMON FROM THE TRAPS.



licences were in force: Gill nets—Fraser River, 2,650; Skeena River, 850; Naas River, 240; Rivers Inlet, 700; outlying canneries, 200; total, 4,640. On whole coast—Drag seines, 125; purse seines, 40; traps, 12. This does not appear to be an excessive number of licences for a coast-line several hundred miles in length from north to south, without counting the innumerable sinuosities of the deep fiords which cut far into the land and receive the salmon streams, draining the valleys of the Coast Range; but the photographs will give some idea of the immense quantity of fish brought to the canneries each day during the big run. Thirty-two million sock-eyes (*Onchorynchus nerka*), the most important variety of salmon from the canner's point of view, were taken to make the pack of the Fraser River alone during 1913, and it must be remembered that a large proportion of the fish that are trying to enter the Fraser to spawn are caught on the American side of the boundary line, long before they reach the nets of the Canadian canners.

In addition to the fish taken for the canneries, a great number, especially of the coarser varieties, the dog salmon (*Onchorynchus keta*) and the humpback (*O. gorbuscha*) are salted by the Japanese for shipment to their own country, and the greater part of the native Indian population of the coast and the interior still look upon the dried salmon as their chief food supply for the winter. Far inland on the main streams and their tributaries, as far as the salmon can struggle through the rapid water, the Indian works with spear and trap. In several cases the work of the Government hatcheries has been hampered by the insufficiency of ova obtainable, owing to the trapping of fish by the Indians, and friction has arisen, as it always must when the ancient hunting or fishing rights of the nation are overlooked in an attempt to benefit the white man. From time immemorial the Indians and the sea-lions have taken their share of the salmon during good and bad seasons, and for forty years the white man has been taking fish in ever increasing quantities, by means of the most modern appliances of traps, gill nets, seines and motor-boats, and still the fourth year brings its big run of fish and there is no assurance that the salmon is falling off in numbers. Is it not a little hard on the sea-lion that his race should be exterminated simply because he still takes his share of the harvest of the sea?

During the height of the big run the canneries are sometimes overstocked with fish and are unable to can them as quickly as they are brought in. At such times enough salmon are thrown away in a week to feed the sea-lions for many a day. This is one of the worst features of the canning business and is difficult to overcome. The boats go out night after night for weeks and bring in only two or three fish apiece; suddenly the catch rises to two or three hundred to the boat, and then to overwhelming numbers quite beyond the capacity of the canneries. Fish lying in the sun soon become fly-blown and unfit for putting into tins, and there are plenty of freshly caught salmon coming in. Sometimes whole boat-loads are thrown away without being put on the cannery wharf.

In face of this destruction and waste of fish by human beings, surely little blame can be thrown on the sea-lion! Cannot we have one of the large animals of the sea left to us? There is already a bounty on hair seals; the whales of the Pacific are being rapidly killed off by a whaling company that gathers in every species of whale without restriction; the priceless value of its fur has caused the ruin of the sea-otter; and now the money-makers demand the destruction of the last of the great mammals which Nature intended to be maintained by the sea.

There is another weak spot in this great fishing business of the Pacific Coast which Canada would do well to look to, leaving the sea-lions at peace on their lonely ocean rookeries in the meantime. This is the fact that, with the exception of the cannery men themselves, the whole industry is not being developed by Canadians or by men of Anglo-Saxon blood, but almost entirely by Japanese. The Californians have found that it is not desirable that Asiatics should get too strong a foothold on Californian ground, and the people of British Columbia are just awakening to the fact that their whole coast-line, as far as the fishing is concerned, is absolutely in the hands of the Japanese.

One of the photographs shows the fishing fleet at work off the mouth of the Fraser on a summer's evening. An Imperialist may be struck with the scene and see here a hopeful training ground for Naval recruits. And so it is, one of the best in the world, where a man can become handy with the handiness that can only be learnt in small boats.

But the benefit of this training ground is being reaped by the Japanese and not by the British Navy.

WARBURTON PIKE.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES

### ECONOMISING AND INCREASING THE FOOD SUPPLY.

IN the present crisis of our affairs each man has his responsibility, and for the moment we wish to say something about those who occupy land either as tenants or owners and live in the country. They can do a very great deal to increase the food supply, while it behoves those in the town to make the most economical use possible of it. The Board of Agriculture has recognised this and is sending out directions about sowing seed and preserving vegetables. To these we have already referred, and there is no need to return to them at the moment. But something ought to be said to those who keep poultry. This is no time for elaborate directions, but one or two practical hints may help to increase the number of those who can induce their fowls to lay eggs in winter. Eggs, as needs no saying, to those that are whole as well as those that are wounded, form a most nutritious and excellent article of diet. Unfortunately, they have been among the first commodities to go up in price, and at the present moment it is very difficult to get them except at the rate which is common during winter, that is to say, from twopence to threepence per egg. A great many of the commoner sorts of hen kept on farms are now moulting, which is one cause for the shortage. After the moult is over farmers are not very successful in producing winter eggs, because they do not give to poultry that close attention which they know is required in the case of larger livestock. Experts have no difficulty whatever in getting their hens to lay in winter, and though it would be hopeless to turn people into experts by means of printed directions, the principles governing the intensive production of eggs are simple enough, and if applied would certainly improve the supply. As a rule the largest supply of eggs comes from chickens that are kept in an enclosure, but then during the next few weeks they will gain strength of constitution by being allowed to roam over stubbles and other open places where they can pick up a considerable amount of natural food. Intensive egg production makes a considerable demand upon the constitution of the hens. One of the most essential things to do is to feed them very highly, and yet they must not be allowed to lay on fat. It is fatness that very often prevents a hen from laying. Thus many poultry keepers contend that food should be sparsely given. But then their habit is to give it in a vessel from which the chickens can gorge themselves without the slightest exercise. If they have to move about and scratch, the food will do them no harm. And that is the whole secret of the scratching shed. It need not be an elaborate contrivance, but one essential is that it should be kept perfectly dry. Where the hens have a good-sized run, it would be sufficient to cover one portion of it roughly with corrugated iron—the material is ugly, but effective. Then into the scratching shed should be thrown as much dry herbage as can be got hold of. Straw and chaff are best, but at a time of urgency he will get on best who can turn to account what lies at hand. At many a hedge root at this moment there are heaps of dry grass and weeds which have been cut by the roadmen, who, naturally, try to get this done before the wild things have seeded. This would be capital material for the purpose. The hard food ought to be concealed under it so that the chickens have to scratch for every grain they find, and in this way are kept busy the greater part of the day. They should, however, receive at least one soft meal, which ought not to be given in sloppy form. If it be made of meal and the mash turns out thin, then it ought to be dried by the addition of more meal. In cold weather a feed like this should be given at daylight, and it should be hot. The fowls ought to be closely watched, so that if anything goes wrong it may be noticed at once, and very soon the poultry keeper will know the average number of eggs that he should expect. Whenever the supply falls below it he should take steps to find out the cause and remedy it. Luckily, the year is one in which vegetables are very plentiful. Cabbage leaves and other refuse there will be in profusion. These should not be flung down, but hung up so that the chickens will have to jump to them. This, again, ensures a considerable amount of exercise. By adopting these simple hints many poultry keepers will be able to increase their supply. Of course, they form the alphabet of those who make the production of winter eggs a matter of business. It need hardly be said that very great caution should be used about killing young chickens at this juncture. The poultry keeper certainly ought not to keep cockerels or those that have got beyond the age of profitable egg production, but the young pullets should be kept and all the hens that lay. As the Board of Agriculture reminds us, many of the most important sources of egg supply are cut off, and the consumer will have to depend on the efforts of the home poultry keeper. A point almost equally important is that the abundance of garden vegetables and the corresponding abundance of garden waste may very well be utilised for fattening pigs. A little pig is usually purchased when it is nine or ten weeks old, and there is no better way to dispose of small potatoes and coarse green stuff than by turning it into bacon.



## SOLDIER SPORTSMEN.



THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING, PAST AND PRESENT STEEPLECHASE.  
CAPT. C. D. O'BRIEN BUTLER.      LIEUT. THE HON. H. C. ALEXANDER.



CAPT. THE HON. E. H. WYNDHAM.

CAPT. C. D. O'BRIEN-BUTLER.

CAPT. LORD HUGH GROSVENOR.



CAPT. H. A. TOMKINSON.

LIEUT. R. S. W. R. WYNDHAM-QUIN.  
CAPT. C. W. BANBURY.

CAPT. D. McCALMONT.



THE GRAND MILITARY HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.  
CAPT. D. McCALMONT.      LIEUT. H. E. DE TRAFFORD.      CAPT. STOKES.



CAPT. J. J. ASTOR.



LIEUT. VISCOUNT GORT, M.V.O.



LIEUT. G. LAMBTON.



CAPT. R. DE CRESPIGNY (Right).



CAPT. THE HON. R. BRUCE.



CAPT. G. C. B. PAYNTER.

## THE NORTH SEA.

The rolling, rippling wind goes free  
 Over the grape-green fields of sea  
 Sprinkled with gulls afloat, and bright  
 With showers of sharp dissolving light,  
 Whose shadowy ranges ebb and toss  
 And close and slapping breakers cross  
 The sky-reflecting strip of sand.  
 Out on the blue-veined sea there stand  
 Gnat-like ships and smoke in coiling trails,  
 Phantoms grey and splendid slanting sails,  
 Shoreward drawing; and beyond there lie  
 Viewless underneath the rim of sky  
 Goodly vessels, Dreadnoughts, cruisers, many a one  
 Heavy with issue of battle fought and won.

J.

## HUNTERS IN THE HARVEST FIELD.



UNWILLING UNDERSTUDIES.

VERY typical of the present state of things is the scene which Mr. Lionel Edwards has depicted in the accompanying drawing. He shows two hunters in the, to them, novel position of being compelled to haul a harvest cart. By their attitudes they do not seem to like it—and no wonder! They did not appreciate the kindly thought of their owner, who happened also to be the landlord. In order to assist his tenants he sent them straight from grass to do the work of the heavy farm horses commandeered for Army service. His idea was not a bad one and it was certainly patriotic. By making the grass-fed hunters "take the harvest" he thought to get them fit when called upon. All the better if, to achieve this desirable result, the sorely pressed farmer was helped at the same time.

In fact it was the necessity of the farmer which first suggested to him the idea of getting his horses fit. How far this state of things prevails throughout the country it is very

difficult to say. In some counties there has been no requisition of farm horses made, while there has been a very heavy run on the light horses. But in the district from which this picture was taken the very opposite course has been pursued, all the heavy horses being commandeered and the light horses not touched. It may be said that, on the whole, less difficulty seems to be experienced in getting in the harvest than was at one time anticipated. Men are not so scarce as horses, and in a few districts there is just a little bit of grumbling because the Government did not wait for a week or two till the ingathering was finished. Still, the farmer more than almost anybody else knows what is meant by necessity, and he thoroughly understands that the destiny of the country must come before his convenience, even though his convenience in this case means making sure of an adequate supply of food for the people.



## IN THE GARDEN.

### SAVING THE APPLE CROP.

By CHRISTOPHER HOLDENBY.

IN dealing with the apple crop this year we should rigorously observe successional ripenings. The early codlins should be used now for cooking, and for some weeks past they should have been judiciously thinned so that each apple has a chance of reaching its high water mark of perfection. There is nothing to touch the apple as a cooking fruit, and one can cook it in over a hundred delicious ways. Gladstones, among dessert-apples, for the moment require most attention. They ripen very rapidly and then quickly pass their prime. The trees should be picked over almost daily. Beauty of Bath is a firmer fruit and will stand hoarding a little longer; but in the keeping of all fruit it must be remembered that it is essential for each fruit to be free from blemish. When we come to pick the later apples and pears, those which will provide our fruit from November until next March, we must pick with the greatest care. We can store such sound apples either in trays, storing boxes, or simply in great heaps on a straw foundation. These unbruised fruits require looking over from time to time and the rotten ones picking out. But the early apple supply and the quantity of "scrubs" or "culls" is certain to exceed immediate wants, and these, together with all blemished apples, will not keep in their raw state. Unfortunately, at present we have no considerable working plant established for the preservation of such fruit in the now all-popular form of "evaporated apples," whole or as "apple rings." We have taken long to learn the real necessity of such an industry for a fruit-producing country. America has long realised it. The only plant I have seen in England for the purpose was on a scale too small to be commercially successful, but in a normal year such conversion of poor grade and surplus fruit into dried fruit would remove the great bulk of inferior stuff from the market. Better fruit would receive due recognition. In a year of stress such as this the uses are obvious; perhaps it may bring matters to a head. At present most of these "scrubby" apples are "bagged" and sent to market for the jam manufacturers to buy, and where there is any considerable quantity to be dealt with this is the only course to be recommended, unless a cider press is available, and then they will make but poor cider. These apples will not fetch a big price—only 1s. a bag perhaps—but they are not wasted, and many thousands of bags go through the market. In the cellars of nearly any jam factory you can trace the destination of these apples. All around are barrels and bigger vats containing the "scrubby" apples, now reduced to a pulp, which is so preserved all through the busy season for jam-making during the winter, when the soft fruits have all been dealt with. Then the various blends of mixed jams are made up from this apple pulp and a certain quantity of other soft fruit pulp. For the housewife at home there are two alternatives. She can make her own preserves, and she can even vary these from the clear red apple jelly strained through a jelly bag to the thick lemon-flavoured natural coloured moulds of apple fruit which I remember so well in my childhood spread on nursery bread and butter or eating as an island amid a sea of yellow custard. There is still time to mix plums with the apples, and so give variety to the jam cupboard.

But jam making supposes a ready supply of sugar. However, it is possible to preserve even the apple and pear without it. The modern process of sterilisation of fruit in sealed air tight bottles has made this possible. The old method of preserving necessitated the use of a sugar or honey syrup; but the new bottles and the sterilisation by boiling allow of the fruit remaining good in pure water. It merely keeps in fruit juice because it is sterilised. In some cases syrup gives the fruit a better flavour, and often it preserves the colour more completely; but in times like these we cannot afford to be too particular. Fruits bottle well in water, and the only essentials are the proper air-tight bottles. The bottles are now reasonable to obtain, costing about 4s. a dozen—a satisfactory outfit can be obtained complete for somewhere about 13s. With every outfit are supplied simple rules for bottling, the time of sterilisation averaging about ten minutes. Apples and pears should be peeled with a silver knife, cored and placed in a mixture of lemon and water, so as to keep their white colour until they are sterilised. Plums are even easier to bottle, and successional thinnings can be dealt with, so that the tree matures her complete bounty. No fruit should be bottled too ripe; some plums can even be bottled green, and in this condition they often make the best of jam. Damsons and bullaces bottle well, too, and who has not heard of the delicacy of damson cheese? Some years they remain unpicked in the Kent orchards; but I hope they will not this year, though they are plentiful in places. The better pears want picking as carefully as apples, and if properly treated will afford a continuous supply. Many of the harder varieties that we call "cooking pears" will keep for a great length of time, and if properly ripened will afford good dessert fruit. There is still the blackberry season to come. My own native hedges give good promise, and I shall not be slow to use them with my apples for jam. There is a very fair crop of nuts in places, and these will keep the year round, especially if heaped in a place with little light. The same rule applies more or less to the keeping of all fruit. The temperature should be even, so that "sweating" is

discouraged; ventilation helps to prevent this. Some folks prefer to keep their nuts in jars with a little common salt. But I constantly see them keeping well in great heaps in the Kentish oasts. Not only can we husband our autumn fruits, but our vegetables too. Many vegetables will bottle well—peas, carrots, mushrooms, tomatoes and beans especially. A solution of salt and water is necessary (one tablespoonful of salt to one quart of water), and the process of bottling or sterilising is a little more complicated, but it is easily accomplished. But besides this, scarlet runners can simply be sliced and placed in big crocks with layers of salt. They keep a long time this way, and only need a good soaking before cooking. Nowadays people have taken to sun-drying their beans, but the old method is really the most satisfactory. The beans used should be young. How many a cottager, too, knows the value of storing ripe vegetable marrows right up till Christmas? The marrows must be ripe before they are cut or they will not keep; then they keep well in the warm kitchen. When my corduroys gave me entry to any village kitchen I always used to look for the Christmas marrow. Often I had to lament the lack of room for it.

All these things are worth doing, not only because there may be a call for all good food, but because there is an especial sweetness about these husbanded victuals. It is a compliment to Mother Earth, and a well earned compliment. What a pleasure there is in giving folks their due. So the goddess of the garden may come to soften somewhat the bitterness of the god of war who sweeps over field and plain.

### HOW TO PRESERVE FRUIT WITHOUT SUGAR OR ANY SPECIAL APPARATUS.

A general impression prevails that expensive apparatus is necessary in order to bottle fruit successfully. This, however, is not the case, and the following article, appearing in this week's issue of our contemporary the *Garden*, will be found equally useful to the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*. The method advised has been practised successfully by the writer of the article for forty years. It is especially suited for Plums, Cherries, Damsons and Gooseberries, and can be used for Tomatoes, also for Raspberries and Blackberries; but as the latter-named fruits cannot be wiped, the result is not so invariably successful, though with care in selecting the fruit it is generally so:

**Materials Needed in Readiness.**—Boiling water sufficient to fill the fruit bottles. Clarified mutton fat, melted and ready to use. (Put this in a jar, into the oven, while the fruit is cooking.) Vegetable parchment covers to fit over all the bottles, and fine strong twine cut into lengths to tie down each jar quickly.

**Method.**—Gather the fruit on a dry day, and, having provided clean tea-cloths, very carefully wipe the fruit, laying aside any that are over-ripe, split or in any way imperfect. Place the clean, dry fruit gently in perfectly clean, dry, wide-mouthed bottles or jars, such as old French Plum bottles, good sound glass jam jars, etc. (but do not use any that have contained pickles or vinegar). After filling the bottles with the fruit, gently turn and keep patting the bottles. In this way the fruit settles down, so that you will find you can add some more fruit to each jar after it is apparently quite full. Next stand the bottles in an open vessel, such as a large fish-kettle or any large saucepans, etc., and put clean straw, hay or rags between the bottles to prevent them from shifting while cooking. Fill the large vessel with cold water till it reaches to about two inches or three inches below the tops of the jars. Let it gradually boil up, and keep it boiling till the fruit at the bottom of the jars just begins to show signs of cracking. Then ("I can't be interrupted to speak to anyone, not even the Queen if she should chance to call") fill the bottles with boiling water from the kettle, thoroughly covering the fruit (as it often soaks up a little of the water), and carefully and quickly add just enough of the melted fat to entirely cover the surface of the water. Tie the vegetable parchment covers over the jars instantly. Set the jars to cool, and wipe every one before storing, in case any of the fat should be on the outside. Store on cool, airy shelves. Fruit preserved thus will keep good for twelve months.

ANNE AMATEUR.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF SAVING SEED AND SOWING THINLY.

The probable shortage of seed which we may have to face in the spring is a matter which calls for immediate attention by the horticulturists of this country. Large quantities of seed annually imported from the Continent will cease, although it is hoped that some will be obtained from the South of France and Italy, but Germany is an easy first among the seed-growing countries of Europe. It is true we can very well dispense for once with the seed of Stocks and Asters saved from pot-grown plants in the nurseries of Erfurt. Our gardens may be shorn of much of their floral splendour, but, after all, a deviation from the usual display of annuals may prove akin to a blessing in giving rise to original garden schemes. But the possibility of a shortage in vegetable seeds so extensively grown in the neighbourhood of Erfurt and Stuttgart calls for more serious attention. The seed prospects on the Essex farms are above the average, but the supply is very small in comparison with the demand. The season, however, is not so far advanced that we may not save seed in our own gardens, and it is surprising to observe how prolific a few stock plants may prove when allowed to run to seed. And this brings to notice a point of great importance. How often we hear the advice given to sow thinly and thin early, and yet how often in a small plot of ground the emptying of the contents of a packet takes place, distributing enough seeds

to sow an acre. Not only is this a wanton waste of seed, but the resultant seedlings are perforce weak and overcrowded. It is the most common error in gardening to attempt to grow ten seedlings when there is only room for one, and it is said with all truth that a seedsman's business is built up not of the seeds that are grown, but of those that are wasted. A shortage of vegetable seeds is a serious problem, and it should be considered a point of honour to sow sparingly, and to avoid waste as far as possible. Incidentally, the war will bring into prominence

the value of seed-growing districts in other parts of the world. California is rapidly coming to the fore as a seed-growing country. Already the bulk of our Sweet Pea seeds are grown there, and this is sufficient reason to suppose that other plants will seed there equally as well. From New Zealand we import Peas for seed purposes, and there is no reason why this should not be further developed, while the higher plains of South Africa provide one of the most likely places in our Colonies for successful seed growing.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### THE PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS' INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

**T**HE Professional Golfers' Association has cancelled all its fixtures with one exception. It is very much hoped to hold in the autumn the professional international match between England and Scotland, for which, it will be remembered, the Proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE have offered to present a challenge cup and medals. The proposal is to hold the match on some course near London, to charge an entrance fee of half a crown, and to hand over the amount so received, without any deductions, to the Prince of Wales' Fund. In the ordinary course it is eminently natural to postpone all public matches and competitions during the present crisis, but there would seem to be every justification for making an exception to this rule, when by so doing a very considerable sum can be contributed towards the good work of national relief. It seems probable that a great many golfers would be glad of the opportunity to contribute their half-crowns and at the same time watch as fine a match as they could wish to see. Hitherto we have none of us felt much inclination to play golf, but now we may be said to be settling down and getting, so to speak, our second wind. We have come to see that we shall all be the better, and do our work the better, for some little relaxation, and when, as in this particular case, golf can be made so directly to help a good cause, all arguments seem to be in favour of playing it.

### WHAT THE CLUBS ARE DOING TO HELP.

Golf clubs everywhere are doing their best to help in time of war both in heading the subscription lists in club-houses towards the Prince of Wales' Fund and in a number of other ways. At Walton Heath the club has been lent a piece of land at the back of the club-house about eight acres in extent, and already half an acre of it has been ploughed up by the green staff, cleaned, and sown with spring cabbage, seakale and beetroot. Further ground is being made ready for turnips and winter spinach and the cabbage when ready for pricking out, and some of these crops will be followed by potatoes in the spring. Men who are ineligible for military service and cannot get work enough in carrying clubs will be put to work on this land under the direction of the head-gardener of the club. Already a number of men have gone to join the Colours, namely, two members of the green staff, one gardener, eighteen caddies and the caddie-master, who is a naval master-at-arms. To every man on military service the club is making a grant of five shillings a week.

### A CLUB-HOUSE FOR A HOSPITAL.

At Sunningdale there is comparatively little play going on, many of the members being away, but there has been no reduction of any kind in the house or green staff or in the number of caddies. All the local members are interesting themselves in looking after the women and children who are left badly off. At Woking all club servants who are eligible have been told that they should try to find some employment in the service of the State, and that their places will, of course, be kept open for them. No reduction has been made in any of the wages. At Mid-Surrey some twenty of the caddies have joined the Territorials and their places are being kept open, and they will be warmly welcomed back again. The

St. George's Hill Golf Club decided at a general meeting to offer their club-house as a hospital. A special committee to deal with the matter was appointed and the offer was there and then telegraphed to the War Office. One can hardly imagine a more delightful spot for a convalescent than this club-house on its hill among the fir trees. It was pointed out at the meeting that some accommodation would still be provided for golfers, and that members by continuing to play golf were doing good to those who are dependent on the game for their livelihood. The Stoke Poges Club has also, I believe, offered to take in twenty-five convalescent or wounded men and to supply the necessary medical staff. In these notes of what some clubs are doing others may possibly find useful suggestions. They show, at any rate, our golfers have, like everyone else, done their best in a great emergency.

### SOLDIER GOLFERS.

Mr. Graham-Murray is a Captain in the 3rd Battalion of the Black Watch Reserve of Officers, and is therefore one of the many good golfers whom the war will have called to the Colours. They are far too numerous to mention. Mr. Maxwell is now a member of the 8th Royal Scots Territorials, and among those who are in the Reserve of Officers are Captain Hutchinson and Mr. Guy Campbell. The names of other soldier golfers that come to mind are those of Captain Hambro, Captain H. L. Nicholls, Captain Mulholland and Mr. Hezlet, who sprung suddenly into fame at Sandwich. Lord Castlerosse and Mr. R. E. Wilson, two Cambridge golfers are among the University candidates who have been given commissions and I read that Mr. Yerburch this year's Cambridge Captain, is also likely to go to the front. It is impossible to make any list at all complete. One can only wish one and all good luck.

B. D.



CAPTAIN R. GRAHAM-MURRAY.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER'S NOTES ON THE  
PREHISTORIC CAVE DRAWINGS OF SPAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send the following extracts from the Rev. James Baikie's book, "The Sea Kings of Crete": "The characteristic feature of both figures is the modernness of their lines . . . the waist is exceedingly slender and altogether the lines adopted are those considered ideal by the modern corset maker rather than those of the sculptor. The tombs which preserve best the figures of the Keftin (Minoans) are those of Sen-mut and Rekh-ma-ra. That of Sen-mut is earlier, though only by a generation or perhaps less . . . he was the architect of Queen Hatshepsut, the man who planned and executed the great colonnaded temple at Deir-el-Bahri and who set up Hatshepsut's gigantic obelisks. . . . There can be no question who they are . . . the half boots and puttees, the decorated girdle compressing the waist not quite so tightly as in the Minoan representations, the gaily adorned loincloth which is the only article of attire, are all practically identical with the type of such a fresco as that of the cupbearer at Knossos. The conscientious Egyptian artists have carefully represented also the elaborate coiffure which was characteristic of the Minoans who allowed their hair to fall in long tails down their shoulders, doing part of it up in a knot or curl on the top of their head. The colonising movement which has left traces of Minoan culture in Anatolia, in Palestine, in Sicily, and even in Spain, began no doubt at an earlier period when the Empire of the Sea Kings was at its full strength." Again: "Specimens of Late Minoan III. work are found at Tarentum and the island of Torcello, near Venice, and even as far west as Spain." Mr. Baikie gives the date of the Minoan Empire as extending from 3000 to 1400 B.C.

—E. FESTUS KELLY.

[We forwarded a copy of this letter to Colonel Verner, who makes the very interesting comment that follows. Need we add that our most cordial good wishes go with the Abbé Breuil, who has given up cave researches in Spain to join the French Army? "In reply to yours of the 12th inst. the extract you send me from Baikie's book on Crete is certainly of interest. Several people who have seen the sketches have made the same remark as to the similarity of the waists of the ladies as drawn by Neolithic man with those of the period of the Minoan Empire. It would seem as if the bodies of the women drawn in the caves of Southern Spain must have been bandaged in some way, since it is obviously impossible for the human form to have

retained the shapes depicted without some girdle or external swathing. The chief point of interest seems to me to be the fact that the fashion for small waists and the peculiar method of dressing the hair endured from the remote days of Neolithic man until the Minoan dynasty. It may interest you to hear that I have received a letter from the Abbé Breuil, who has abandoned his cave researches in Spain and joined the French Army. He is full of fight, and writes of the splendid spirit of his countrymen. 'En tout cas, nous sommes ici; joyeux de prendre les armes pour une telle cause qui est celle de tous les hommes qui veulent vivre travaillant en paix; il n'y a qu'une voix par toute la France, les anti-militaristes d'hier son les plus ardents d'aujourd'hui, et c'est avec une calme admirable et une sincérité alignée que tous sont partis à leur poste.'—WILLOUGHBY VERNER.—ED.]

## LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS ON PRIVATE HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The impression of your correspondent, "G," regarding lightning always striking the highest object is quite erroneous to all who have observed its erratic course. Some years ago, while driving along a road in Norfolk, a flash of lightning struck the ground about forty yards from a telegraph post, an oak tree and myself respectively. A small cone-shaped column of white vapour instantly formed over the spot, disappearing in less than a second. I walked to the spot, where I found a slight groove cut in the earth, and the vegetation (it was a grass field) blackened for a yard around. I resided at the time in a house surrounded by many tall oak trees, sixty feet to seventy feet high, some eight of which were struck within two hundred yards of the house at various times. I absolutely refused to have a conductor attached to my house, when a friend offered to procure one for me, unless it was also attached to one of the trees, which I looked upon as my natural guardians. On one occasion a flash struck an oak tree within fifteen yards of the church tower, to which a large conductor was attached, but which, nevertheless, had been struck and injured by lightning a short time previously.—R. I. W. P.

## GULLS AND FISH FRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose some photographs I have just taken of gulls, gannets, etc. In fine weather myriads of the fry of fish come in, followed by mackerel, scad, gurnet, etc. They force the fry to the surface, where thousands of gulls, in the



THE WARFARE OF THE SEA.



most excited manner, pounce on them. If you fish then with a sole skin, spinner and fine tackle, plenty can be caught. The value of fine tackle was clearly shown the other day. A boat near me only caught a couple with coarse tackle. I had fine, and caught plenty. Sunfish and other larger fish also come in. The photographs were taken between Roche's Point and Weaver Point, the line that separates Cork Harbour from the Atlantic and from which liners take their time.—RICHARD BARTER.

#### NO PUDDING, NO MEAT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your short leaderette you mention it was a custom for poor people to serve the pudding before the meat at dinner-time. This reminds me that it was the rule sixty to seventy years ago in Mid-Derbyshire and the adjoining counties of Stafford and Notts. In all houses, cottages, the better-off and farm houses alike, the rule was, "No pudding, no meat," and the rule was strictly enforced, though in many homes, alack! the only meat ever seen was "a hunk" of boiled bacon. Though if meat was lacking, there was always a good boiled pudding or a batter pudding, either boiled in a bag or baked in the oven. The insides of the boiled puddings contained fruits in season from the time of early rhubarb in spring right on to the late damson. Bilberries and blackberries were always a treat mixed with apples. A fine and much-liked dish was "the medley pie," the inside of which was a compound of apples, pears, currants and bacon, the latter chopped fine. The baked batter pudding in a large shallow dish or pan made a famous dish, the surface strewn with almost any kind of fruit, but gooseberries and damsons for choice, eaten with a sprinkling of coarse sugar or black treacle. Though such have long passed from our menu, I remember them with pleasure. The present-day "Yorkshire pudding" is merely the old batter pudding, and no improvement on it!—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

#### CONDITION IN REMOUNTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may not be generally realised that in a campaign horses remain workable for only about four months. This means that if an army in the field has about 50,000 horses, remounts would probably be required at the rate of 50,000 every four months. After a rest and reconditioning, a good many spent horses become fit for another turn of service. And those remounts brought from overseas do their work far better and last much longer if they are gradually brought into condition before being sent to the Front.



SPIRAL GROWTH OF THE  
BLUE GUM.

Might not hunting people and others be made use of to take charge of returned or newly landed horses and get them into hard condition, receiving some payment for the horses' keep? If this suggestion commends itself to the hunting world, perhaps some Hunt would approach the Army Council and find out if it would be acceptable from the military point of view. In the Boer War we lost a great deal by using horses lately landed and quite out of condition for hard work.—C. M.

#### THE SPIRAL STRUCTURE OF TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your issue of June 6th you published a letter, signed "C. Q.," and two beautiful photographs intended to illustrate the spiral twisting of the bark of trees struck by lightning. May I suggest that what the second photograph at least (the oak)

really demonstrates is the spiral structure of that particular tree, and that the lightning has only made this more evident? Spiral twisting of the bark and wood of trees is very common and interesting. In the horse chestnut it is, I believe, always in the direction of a right-handed screw ("clock-wise"), in

the Lombardy poplar always left-handed. The blue gum (*Eucalyptus globulus*) shows torsion to a very marked extent, always in a right-handed direction, and it is rarely absent. I enclose a photograph of a stem of *Eucalyptus globulus* (South Africa), one of a long avenue every tree in which shows the spiral structure to an equal extent. The wood of these trees, used for pit-props and scaffolding poles, splits as it dries, and the cracks follow the same spiral direction.—MAURICE G. PEARSON.

#### VOLUNTEER HARVESTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Now that our young men are rising to the occasion so

splendidly, and enlisting right and left, there is in some districts a scarcity of labourers for the harvest. At the same time, there are many who cannot follow the drum, and who are asking at this juncture, "What can I do to help?" The

accompanying photograph, taken a few days ago, may suggest to them a very practical way of helping both the farmer and their country at the same time. With the assistance of their employers, the ranks of agriculture might be recruited from the grooms, coachmen, gamekeepers, etc., whose ordinary avocations are disorganised for the present, and even the townsman, providing he is strong and willing to work, will find a welcome on the farm. At the same time he should make enquiries first as to where his services are needed most, as in some districts there seems to be no difficulty, while in others labour is very scarce.—G. D.

#### A RECORD CROP OF OATS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Not only is the harvest all over the country reported to be the best for years, but the quality is also excellent. I enclose a photograph of average stalks of winter oats grown on a farm at Louth Park, Lincolnshire. The crop is phenomenal, and regarded as the best ever grown in the district. The picture shows Mr. Gainsborough, the owner of the farm, himself an old Lincolnshire farmer, and justly proud of the product of his estate, at Louth Park. As it stood the crop was an object of admiration to all who saw it. A magnificent straw, stiff and clean, standing perfectly, and large heavy heads of grain. It will be interesting to know the exact yield.—H. WALKER.



A SAMPLE OF A LINCOLNSHIRE CROP.